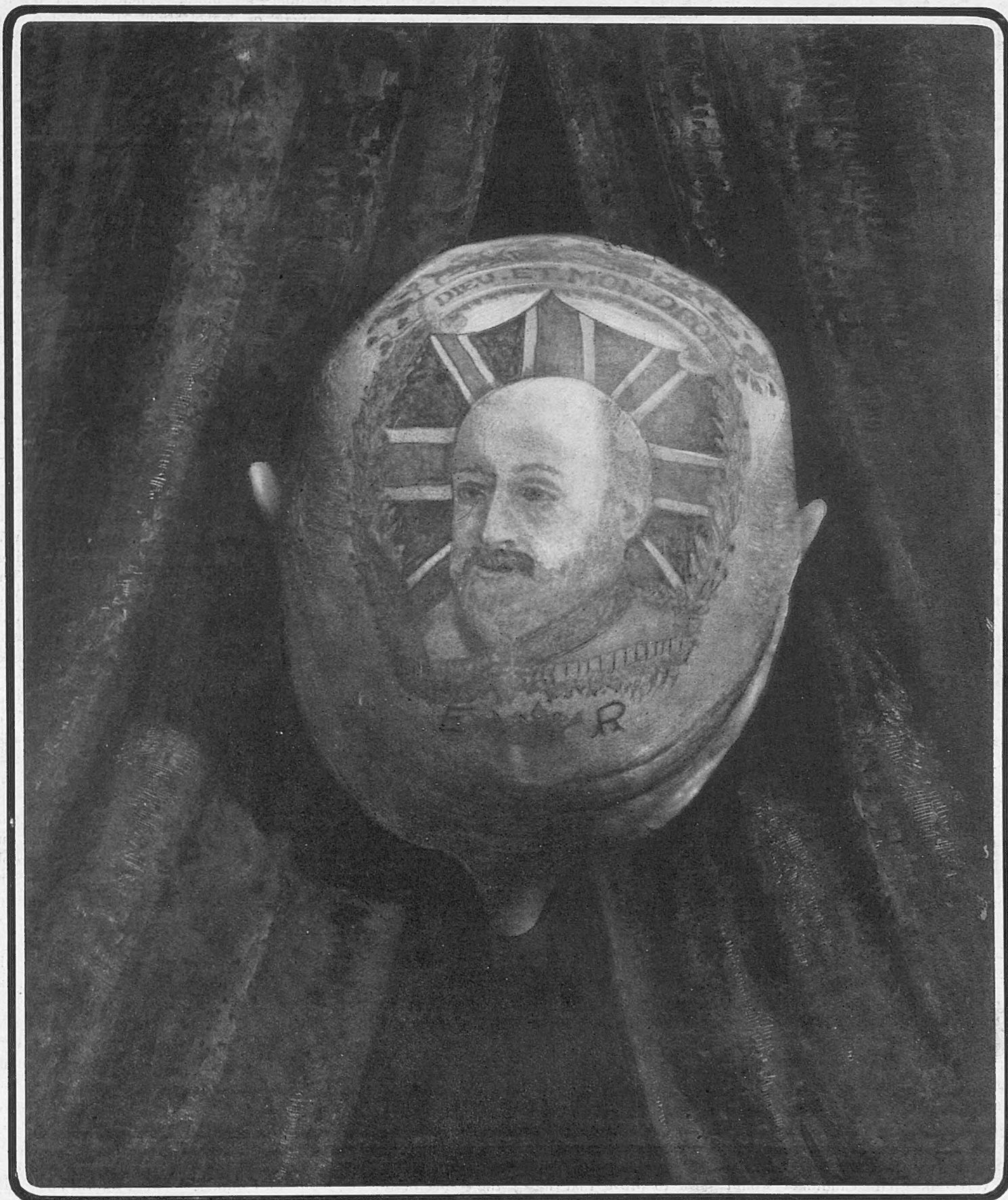


# The Sketch

No 896.—Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1910.

SIXPENCE.

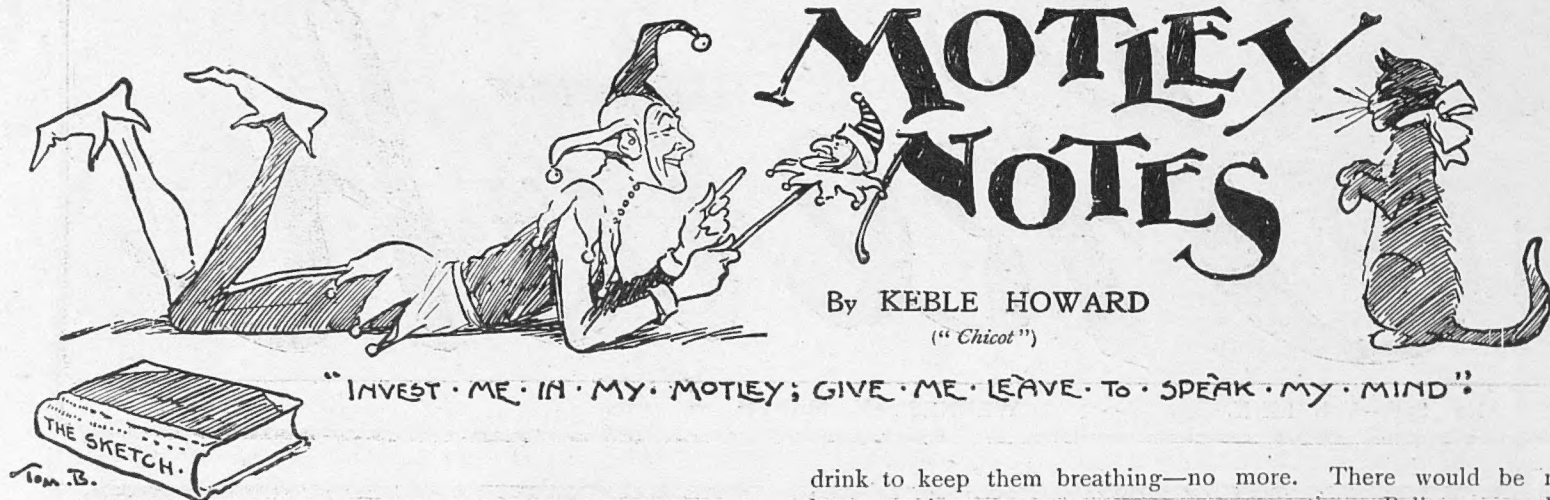


THE KING AS A TOUPET: A TATTOOED PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY ON THE TOP OF A MAN'S HEAD.

It is evident that the subject believes in going bald-headed for patriotism. The tattooed portrait of the King is in colours; as are the many other designs which cover the subject's body.

Photograph by Halfstones.





### The Laziest Man in the World.

I have a good deal of sympathy with the gentleman whose wife described him in a police-court as "the laziest man on earth." She was very angry with him because he insisted on lying in bed for weeks at a time: "He used to lie in bed for weeks, and once when I lifted him up, bed and all, and put him out of the house, he crawled in again through the window. . . . We used to respect him once. He was brought up as a waiter." Now, it is far from being my habit or intention to interfere between man and wife. On the other hand, it is clearly somebody's duty to point out to this lady that there are few greater indignities possible to man than to be put into the street in one's bed. Personally, I should most certainly have crawled in again through the window. The lady seems to imagine that her husband lies in bed to annoy her. I am quite sure that he has no such unworthy motive. As a matter of fact, I should be very much surprised to hear that he had any motive at all. I expect he lies in bed because he has not the necessary inclination—call it will-power, if you like—to leave it. The outer world has no inducement for him. He is sick to death of being a waiter. Even the task of looking on whilst other people eat and drink may pall.

### A Plea for the "Born Tired."

There is a good deal to be said in favour of the man who decides to spend all his life in bed. It might have happened to this lady that her husband developed into an energetic murderer. She would have had very little to say against that. Or he might have become a drunkard, pawning the household furniture, bit by bit, in order to raise the necessary beer-money. Or he might have been a desperate gambler. Really, she ought, I think, to be induced to realise the negative advantages of the present position. So long as he remains in bed, her good man is not wearing out clothes, or spending money, or knocking the children over the head, or getting into trouble with the police. I dare swear there are thousands of women in this country who would give a great deal for a husband who persisted in spending all his life in bed. The least she can do is to let him pass his somewhat monotonous life in peace, instead of pulling the clothes off him every ten minutes, as I suppose she does, and eventually dragging him before a magistrate. The sole difference between them is that she is one of the energetic sort, and he is not. People are made like that; they cannot help themselves. Interviewed by a newspaper on the subject, the gentleman, as it seems to me, made out a very good case for himself.

### The "Laziest Man" Explains.

"I don't sleep when I'm in bed," he said. Think of that! He just lies there, counting the minutes as they tick slowly away, and wishing that he had married a dumb wife. "I shall be fifty this month," he went on. "I can't get work. I've no pain. It's not a disease. I want new teeth, and some hair-dye, and better clothes. . . . I'm happier in bed than anywhere." Upon my word, the more I think of the fellow, the sorrier I feel for him. Let me add, hastily, that I do not propose to contribute to his support, even though his wife or son be encouraged by these notes to address me on the subject. But it is possible that I may set on foot a scheme for founding a Home for Hopeless Lie-a-Beds. It would not be very full. The candidate would have to prove that he was not ill, but lay in bed all the year round because he had no inclination to get up. If he got up, he would be punished by being put to some very severe work. "Once in bed, always in bed," would be the motto over the main entrance to the Home, and the inmates, instead of burning their boats, would burn their clothes. I should supply them with just enough food and

drink to keep them breathing—no more. There would be no beer, or pipes, or newspapers, or conversation. Believe me, the Home would not be so very full.

### The End of All Pain.

An unknown friend has been good enough to send me a small tin box containing four little white tablets. I must not mention the name of these tablets, because that would hamper or complicate the work of the Advertising Department; but I may tell you that the inventor of the tablets claims for them that they will cure pretty nearly everything on earth. "Do you ever suffer pain?" runs his letter. "If so, please try enclosed sample! Always prompt and reliable. Kindly note literature herewith." The "literature" is a dainty booklet of sixteen pages and a cover. The booklet mainly consists of a list of the complaints that may be cured by swallowing the tablets. Here are a few of them: "Aching Limbs, Alcoholism (after Debauch), Asthma, Bilious Headache, Backache and Sideache, Bronchial Coughs, Brow Ague, Train Sickness, Catarrh, Chest Pains, Colds, Consumption, Cough of Influenza, Cough (tickling), Cramps, Delirium Tremens, Drunkenness, Dyspepsia, Earache, Gout, Hay Fever, Headache (Motoring or Bicycling), Headache (Regular Daily or Indoor), Heat Effects, Hiccough, Indigestion, Insomnia, Lumbago, Pain, Paralysis, Pneumonia, Sciatica, Sightseer's Headache, Sunstroke, Whooping-Cough, and Worry." And they are awfully cheap, too.

### How Not to Lose Your Friends.

People who like the same books are fairly sure to like one another. I knew two men who went together on a walking-tour. A walking-tour, in itself, is a very severe test of friendship. One put "The Essays of Elia" into his pocket, and the other "A Sentimental Journey." They were testy with each other on the first day, bickered on the second, nagged on the third, had a blazing row on the fourth, and came home by separate trains. They have never spoken since, and their wives have quite given up inviting each other to parties. All this trouble might have been spared had they but realised the vast difference between the temperaments of Laurence Sterne and Charles Lamb. Lamb was gentle, scholarly, and rather affected. Sterne was blunt, full-blooded, and jovial. My poor friends had each, more or less, the qualities of his favourite writer. The man who loved Lamb, loved lamb; the man who loved Sterne, loved steak. The man who loved Lamb would wander forth after supper, lean his elbow upon a gate, and watch the twinkling of the stars, listen to the tinkle of the brook, and sigh with the whisper of the wind in the trees. The man who loved Sterne went with him the first night; after that, he preferred to see what was doing in the bar-parlour.

### Affectations of Elia.

It is possible that somebody will take the trouble to tell me that I am wrong in saying that Lamb was affected. I shall then remind him, to begin with, of the following passage: "The custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and the full meal was something more than a common blessing! . . . It is not otherwise easy to be understood why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it. . . . I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. . . ." This is a pretty idea, very prettily expressed, but I do not think sincerity can be claimed for it. It ignores the fact that the majority of people are still truly thankful for a meal. Lamb might as well have said that morning and evening prayer was old-fashioned in the days of policemen



# The Auræ of the Drama.—By S. M. Sime.



## III.—“THE DOLLAR PRINCESS.”

“The Dollah Princess is an ineffable Doll trimmed with all the ah-ness of things. The comedy of Fox and Goose is played in the Garden of Opulence, and instigated by an imitation Eros.”

*As each man is said to have his aura of coloured emanations, so it may be argued that each play has its aura, a subtle something that rises from it and, working on the brain, creates impressions. Realising this, we have asked Mr. Sime to visit a number of the theatres and to do for us a series of drawings, not of the plays seen, but of the impressions made upon his mind by those plays. The third result is given here. Others will be published in due course.*



## STRICTLY PERSONAL !



1. REPORTED TO BE ENGAGED TO ADMIRAL LAMBTON :  
VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA, DAUGHTER OF THE 1ST  
LORD ALINGTON.

2. TO MEET PRESIDENT TAFT IN A GOLF MATCH  
FOR THE "EXECUTIVE CHAMPIONSHIP OF NORTH  
AMERICA": EARL GREY.

3. REPORTED TO BE ENGAGED TO VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA :  
VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HEDWORTH LAMB-  
TON, K.C.B.

4. CHALLENGER IN THE GOLF MATCH FOR THE "EXECUTIVE CHAMPIONSHIP OF NORTH AMERICA": PRESIDENT TAFT, DRIVING.

5. THE "SCHOOLBOY ELOPEMENT": MRS. PHILANDER C. KNOX JUN.

6. THE "SCHOOLBOY ELOPEMENT": MR. PHILANDER C. KNOX JUN.

With regard to our illustrations, we may give the following details: It is reported that Viscountess Chelsea and Admiral Lambton are engaged. The Viscountess is the widow of Lord Cadogan's eldest son, who died two years ago. Her son, Viscount Chelsea, was born in 1903. Before her marriage Lady Chelsea was the Hon. Mildred Sturt, daughter of the first Baron Alington. Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Hedworth Lambton gained special fame for the manner in which he commanded the Naval Brigade in Ladysmith during the South African War. He became Commander-in-Chief on the China Station in 1908, has commanded the royal yacht, has been Second-in-Command of the Channel Fleet, and has commanded the Cruiser Division of the Mediterranean Fleet. He is a son of the second Earl of Durham.—As a result of the interview between President Taft and Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, on the tariff question, Mr. Taft has challenged Earl Grey to an eighteen-hole golf match for the "executive championship of North America." The game is to be played on the Myopia Links, near Beverly, Mass., after Congress has adjourned in the summer.—Mr. Philander C. Knox junior, son of the American Secretary of State and millionaire, was reported some days ago to have eloped with a pretty shop-girl of Providence, who has now become Mrs. Knox. The young couple, it is said, were married by a Congregational Minister at Burlington, Vermont, and Mr. Knox junior subsequently went to Washington to ask his father's forgiveness. It is further said that Mr. Knox senior is playing the stern parent. Mrs. Philander Knox junior was Miss May Boller, and is not yet nineteen. Her husband is only twenty.

Photographs of No. 1 by Kate Pragnell; 2, Lafayette; 3, Russell and Sons; 4, Walden Fawcett; 5 and 6, Fleet Agency.



"THE ENCHANTRESS" ON TRIAL: A SKETCH IN COURT.



ACCUSED OF HAVING INSTIGATED THE MURDER OF COUNT KAMAROWSKI:  
THE COUNTESS MARIE TARNOWSKA.

In the course of the great trial much capital has been made out of the powers of fascination possessed by the Countess Tarnowska. She has been called "The Enchantress"—it would seem with good cause, for her influence with those who know her is undoubtedly remarkable.

DRAWN BY NINO BUSETTO.



## HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the  
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

## THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY MEETING.

**A**T Queen's Hall, Langham Place, last week was held the  
eleventh Ordinary General Meeting of the Goldsmiths and  
Silversmiths Company, the chair being taken by Mr.  
Courtauld Thomson.

In the report, which was adopted, the directors recommended a  
dividend of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares, a result  
which will, no doubt, be satisfactory to the shareholders. It was  
also decided to carry £5000 to the reserve fund, thus raising it to  
£95,000, and that £17,255 should be carried forward.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said that it was not  
the Company's ambition to make abnormal profits in any particular  
year, but to strengthen their financial position steadily, and main-  
tain a regular rate of dividend. The amount now declared— $7\frac{1}{2}$  per  
cent. on the Ordinary shares—had been maintained, he mentioned,  
for the last six years in succession.

It was their policy, not to make large profits out of their  
customers, but to sell their goods at the lowest figure possible  
consistently with the highest quality both of workmanship and  
material. But for the general depression in trade and finance  
during the early part of the year, the results would probably have  
been better still; also, just at the time of year when they expected  
to do the largest amount of business—namely, at Christmas-time—  
the approach of the General Election had interfered considerably  
with their trade.

Mr. Thomson mentioned some of the most interesting pieces of  
presentation plate and caskets which the Goldsmiths and Silver-  
smiths Company has, as usual, designed and made during the past  
year. These include the gold casket presented to his Majesty the  
King when he opened the Victoria and Albert Museum, the gold  
casket given by the Corporation of the City of London to the  
King of Portugal on the occasion of his visit, and a gold casket  
presented to the Khedive of Egypt on the inauguration of the Port  
Sudan Harbour.

The supply of plate to first-rate hotels was, he said, another  
important branch of the company's business; and they had secured  
the contract (in open competition) for supplying silver-plate to one  
of the most important hotels under construction in Europe.

The Chairman invited the shareholders to inspect the new  
gem-room which has been added to the Company's show-rooms at  
112, Regent Street. The number of customers on the books of  
the company, he said, amounted to some 100,000, and they were to be  
found in all parts of the world. The Company now held more  
important jewels than last year, and consequently there was an  
increase in the value of their stock. Their trade since the begin-  
ning of 1910 had also shown marked improvement on that of the  
corresponding period last year.

## TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

**TO ARTISTS.**—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on  
its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.  
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be  
fully titled.

**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to  
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,  
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and  
jokes at a fixed rate.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—In submitting Photographs, contributors are  
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,  
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.  
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published  
photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect.  
The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of  
each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—  
are particularly desired.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider  
Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary  
rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred  
to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their  
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs  
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be  
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

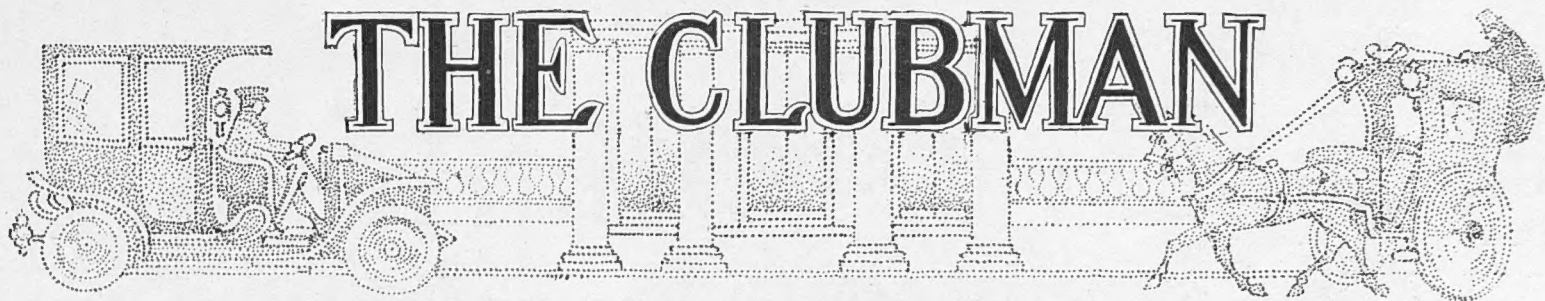
All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the  
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of  
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.





**A Mighty Wind.** I motored over to Nice from Cannes in the teeth of a great wind, for it is not always sunshine on the Riviera. As we raced along the coast, by Golfe Juan, the sea in the big bay was whipped all white, and the scents of brine and of seaweed were in our nostrils. On the Promenade des Anglais, at Nice, there was as much wind as there is at Brighton on a stormy day, and the only people who were facing it, and apparently enjoying it, were the Anglo-Saxons, who have a passion, in all parts of the world, for walking in the teeth of the wind.

**Lunching-Places at Nice.** There are many pleasant places to lunch at in Nice

when the day is still and sunny. The pleasantest of all, perhaps, is the little Restaurant Français, a tiny house with a little garden, on the Promenade des Anglais. One sits in the shelter of the palms and big pink and-white umbrellas; one eats trout which at sunrise that morning were swimming in the River Loup. Outside the garden, the *chasseur* of the establishment sends a spray of water over the road, that passing motors shall not cover the lunchers with dust. We looked at the little garden as we passed. It was all forlorn, and one waiter was peeping cautiously out of the door of the house, wondering whether anybody would be bold enough to face the perils of the Promenade des Anglais to come to lunch on such a day. Eventually we lunched at Helder's, the restaurant in the Place Masséna which has a reputation for being expensive, but which I think has been blamed without cause, for it has the prices set against everything on its bill-of-fare, and a man must be very weak-minded if he allows the waiter to order his dinner or breakfast for him, and to give him dishes which are out of season, and therefore expensive, instead of ordering it for himself. It is a cosy little restaurant, all cream-colour within, and with a stained-glass window at the back, which puts a pleasant touch of colour into the picture. It has its specialties. There is the sole of the house, and sometimes one is offered there trout, which are brought from a little lake on Mont Cenis.

**Le Music-Hall.** Those who provide amusements for Nice take care that there shall be entertainment for everybody on a wet or windy afternoon. The great theatre of the Casino Municipal is given over every afternoon to a music-hall performance, and the payment for entrée into the Casino gives a right to sit in the theatre. On this particular afternoon there was not a vacant place

in the great auditorium, and a lady who sang operatic songs, and a gentleman with a red nose who imitated our George Robey, and views of a Sacred Lake in Oceania shown by the

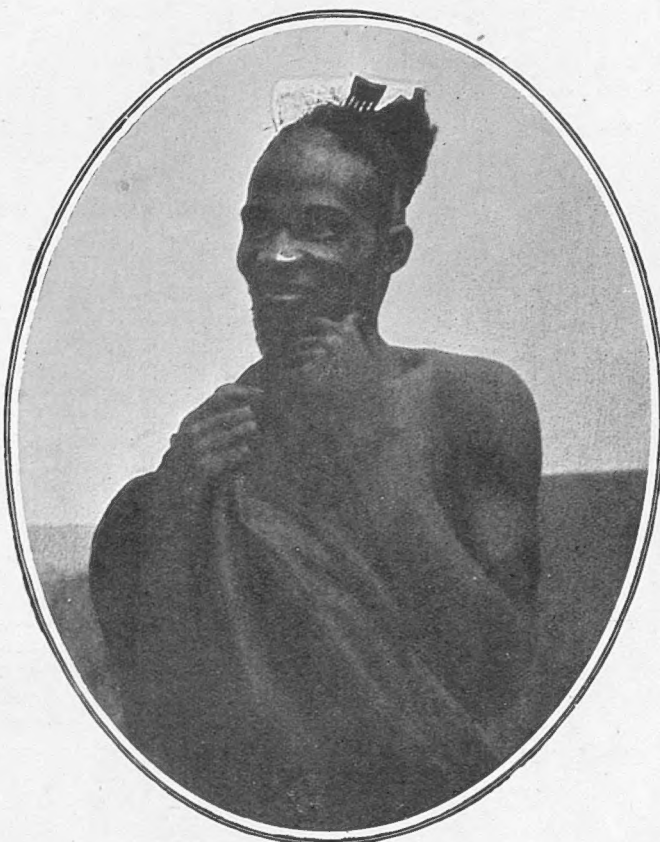
Bioscope, were all rapturously applauded by an audience who were as good-tempered as audiences always are when they get any entertainment free. In the Club of the Casino on the first floor baccarat was being played at half-a-dozen tables, and in the little rooms on the ground floor, just off the great hall, the indiarubber ball was being spun at three of the tables, and the worthy bourgeois and the English and American visitors were gaining fearful joy by risking their francs on numbers representing horses. Vogade's and the English tea-shop on the Avenue Félix Faure were both full. The latter is a new venture this season. The good Niçois seem to have gone a step further than the rest of France, for they not only now drink five o'clock tea, but they like English cakes with it.

**The Theatres of Nice.** We stayed to dine and go to the theatre before motoring back

to Cannes. The restaurant of the club of the Casino is the fashionable dining-place for the moment; but for the sake of old associations we went to London House, which is one of the classical restaurants of France. A *Mostelle Anglaise* was the fish we chose there, as being the best finned thing that comes out of the bay. But the Niçois chefs spoil a good thing by drenching with butter this very delicate fish, under the impression that that is the way the English cook would treat it. This, I need scarcely say, is a libel on our lords and ladies of the kitchen.

Nice offers a great choice of plays and operas in the evening. At the great Opera House "Thaïs," Massenet's opera, was being

sung. At two of the smaller houses, each of which, for some inscrutable reason, calls itself a casino, "The Belle of New York" and "The Merry Widow" were in the bill; while at the theatre of the Municipal Casino Mlle. Georgette Leblanc, Maeterlinck's wife, was appearing in that author's drama "Monna Vanna." We went to see this perfectly harmless play, which the Censor has banned from England. There was a special piquancy in seeing the principal part played by the author's wife, who, of course, would be in a position to know exactly the intention of the author. It was past midnight when we started in our motor to drive back to Cannes. It was a dark night: the sky was black and so was the sea, but there was phosphorescence in the breakers. We were the only travellers on the road, and, with the wind at our back, we must have done the run from Nice to Cannes in record time.



DECORATED BY "THE SKETCH" WITH THE ORDER OF THE POKO (FIRST CLASS); A PAGE FROM THIS PAPER AS HAIR-ORNAMENT FOR A BASHILELE.

A recent British expedition to the Kasai Basin, in the Congo Free State, provided the Bashileles with their first sight of a white man. The natives were much interested in paper, which they called pokos, and it was in great demand as a hair-ornament. The native here shown is wearing a page of "The Sketch," thoughtfully supplied by the travellers.



PARADERS OF DREAM-DRESSES BEFORE THE FOUR HUNDRED;  
LADY DUFF-GORDON'S BEAUTIFUL MANNEQUINS.

Lady Duff-Gordon, who is "Lucile," the famous costumier, is at present in New York, supervising the opening of her new establishment there. With her, as the lawyers have it, are some of her most beautiful mannequins, all English girls, whose advent has caused much interest amongst the smart set.

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.







# A "SKETCH" ARTIST "SITS ON" THE DIVORCE COMMISSION.



THE HUMOUR OF A SERIOUS SUBJECT: COMEDY JUDICIALLY SEPARATED FROM TRAGEDY.

DRAWN BY SID TREEBY.



# SMALL TALK

"THE King can make a noble, but he cannot make a gentleman," said James I. Mr. Stead's plan for conferring "esquires" may half belie that dictum. Roughly speaking, the title of esquire and that of gentleman are, as we now understand them, synonymous, and with a natural desire to think well of our neighbours, we have made them all gentlemen. In America "Mr." is still the proper manner of written address, but in England it is the tradesman's monopoly. Now, Mr. Stead advocates a revolution; he would deprive all ordinary folk of their "Esq.," and have the distinction conferred by the King in certain meritorious cases. Mr Stead's scheme could not deprive those already

legally entitled to be addressed as "Esquire" of their privilege. Among these the sons of Peers, whose "honourable" is mere sound in the ears of the law, bulk large, and, of course, all barristers, naval and military officers, and Royal Academicians have a strict right to the title that Mr. Stead -we must never write "W. T. Stead. Esq.," again - has taken under his wing

the canvas to America for £100,000, and he, in his turn, is happy. Nor does the gallant Colonel in the least grudge the speculative dealer his profit, although there may have been a slightly sinister intention in the remark of a friend on hearing of the second sale: "What, sold again!"



THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM J. MARTIN (FORMERLY THE HON. MURIEL HAMILTON). WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (29TH).

Mrs. Martin is the fourth daughter of the late Lord Belhaven and Stenton and of Georgina Lady Belhaven and Stenton. One of her sisters is the wife of the Master of Napier, elder son of Lord Napier and Ettrick.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

strength of its association with the King's person. As a matter of fact, Captain Holford is not so very nearly related to Colonel Holford, the popular Equerry, as has been stated. In the days when "Tom" Holford, the Captain's father, owned the mansion in Regent's Park that has since been converted into a Baptist College, Mr Robert Holford, the first owner of Dorchester House, was often welcomed as a visitor, but only as a cousin, of sorts, and one who had not yet possessed himself of the gold of the Indies, of Park Lane, and of a son whom the King delights to honour.

Warde and Reward Last year, Colonel Warde sold Franz Hals's "The Painter and Family" for

*The Holfords* Captain Holford has, of course, been much placarded as the son in law of a peer, and his name has been hoisted into large type on the

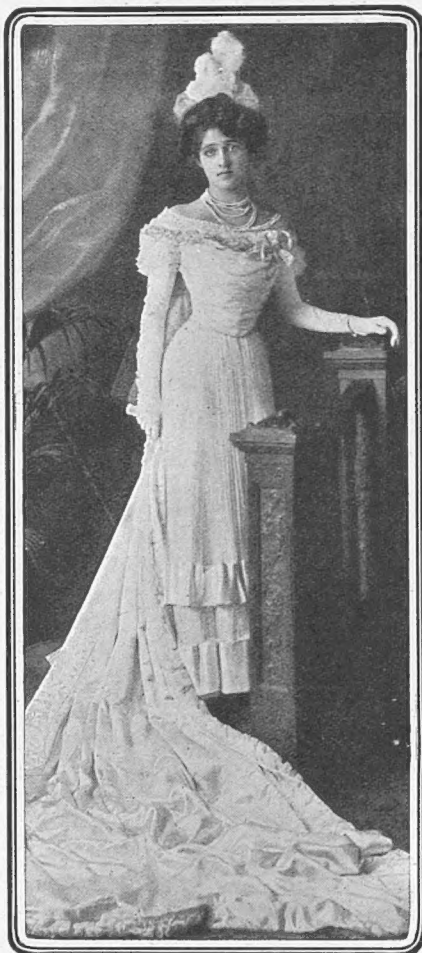
£55,000, or rather more than double any sum previously paid for a work from the same brush. Colonel Warde was pleased: it is always amusing to break a record, and the figure did great credit to the judgment of the Warde who, a century and a half ago, invested in the picture at a trifling price. The purchaser from Colonel Warde has now sold



MARRIED TO THE HON. MURIEL HAMILTON YESTERDAY (29TH): MR. WILLIAM JAMIESON MARTIN.

Mr. William Jamieson Martin, who was married yesterday in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, to the Hon. Muriel Hamilton, is a son of Mr. John Hamilton, of Craufurd, Midlothian.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE INDIAN PRINCESS WHO HAS MARRIED A COMMONER: PRINCESS IRENE DULEEP SINGH, WHOSE WEDDING TO M. PIERRE MARIE ALEXANDRE VILLEMONT TOOK PLACE THIS MONTH.

Princess Irene Ada Helen Beryl Duleep Singh, who was married this month at the Church of Saint Philippe de Roule, Paris, to the popular M. Pierre Marie Alexandre Villemont, is the youngest daughter of the late Maharajah Duleep Singh. Like her sisters, Princesses Sophia and Bamba, she has been out in English society under the chaperonage of the Countess of Selkirk. Her brother, Prince Victor, who is married to one of the Earl of Coventry's daughters, is a godson of Queen Victoria. Prince Frederick, her younger brother is well known in Society. - (Photograph by Ellis and Watery.)

*Show Sunday.* Studio Sunday was an "outsiders' triumph this year. There were fewer people in town for the privileged day of the Academicians and Associates, and, besides, Lady Knill's experiment at the Guildhall was a brilliant success. The tea in the Egyptian Hall, the flunkies, the flowers, the Lord Mayor in chains, above all, that delightful hostess Lady Knill herself—all bore witness to the compliment she wished to pay to a number of artists who will many of them be treated with much less ceremony by the Hanging Committee at Burlington House. Everything was admirable at the Guildhall except, perhaps, the pictures.

*East and West.* Princess Irene Ada, youngest

daughter of the late Maharajah Duleep Singh, follows the example of her brother, Prince Victor Duleep Singh, in marrying a European. The surprising thing would have been if she had not, for she has as much of London and Paris as of Lahore in her looks, and far more in her manners. As Mme. Villemont, her Eastern origin, or part origin, will be as neatly disguised as the Western origin of Princess Victor Duleep Singh, who is, of course, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Coventry.

*The Lady Help.* The report of the illness of Princess Victor Duleep Singh in Ceylon arrived here just after the marriage of her sister-in-law in Paris, and has been heard with much concern in a very wide circle of friends. The wife of one of the best game-shots in England—it has never been decided whether her husband stands second, third, fourth, or fifth on the list—she has, by a variety of talents, made herself indispensable wherever she has moved. Her book in French on bridge is a classic, and her knowledge of motors, music, English china, and a dozen other things is often found useful, because it is so very thorough.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN C. J. O'SULLIVAN: MISS MARY EVE FRASER.

Miss Mary Eve Fraser is the daughter of Dr. John Fraser, of Riversdale, Boyle, and is to be married to Captain C. J. O'Sullivan, Connaught Rangers, son of the late Sir D. V. O'Sullivan, of Cork.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MR. J. H. JACQUES TO-MORROW (31ST): MISS BABETTE MACARTHUR.

Miss MacArthur is the only daughter of the Rt. Rev. James MacArthur, Bishop of Southampton (Suffragan) since 1903, and Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight since 1906. Before her marriage, her mother was Miss Emily Harriette Gardner.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN J. C. BOWEN COLTHURST ON SATURDAY: THE HON. ROSALINDA BUTLER.

Miss Butler is the youngest member of the family of Lord and Lady Lunboyne, whose barony takes precedence as the fourth on Ulster's Roll. The wedding is to be at Quin parish church from the family seat, Knoppogue Castle, Co. Kildare.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



SAILING ON THE SANDS: A YACHT UNDER WAY AT CAMBER.

Sand-yachting is an amusement that seems to be becoming more and more popular. This is not to be wondered at, for the sense of speed is well catered for without any great strain being made upon the pocket. Indeed, quite a good sand-yacht can be made by the ingenious amateur mechanic at a very reasonable cost.—[Photograph by Topical.]



MONEY THAT WILL BE PASSED ONLY BY THE GODS: A COOLIE CARRYING PAPER SYCEE FOR BURNING IN TEMPLES.

On various ceremonial occasions, paper money is burnt by the Chinese. The actual sycee are the fine silver of China cast into shoe-shaped ingots, and weighing each about a pound troy. Each ingot is marked with the seal of the banker or assayer as a guarantee of its purity.—[Photograph by Macmillan.]



MONEY ON THE MOVE: CARRYING A SILVER BRICK FROM VESSEL TO TRUCK.

This ordinary-looking truck carts through the city of New York each year one hundred million dollars' worth of gold and silver, and one hundred million dollars' worth of bonds. No one pays attention to it, chiefly because it is so inconspicuous an object.—[Photographs by Lazarnick.]



IN THE TRUCK THAT CARRIES TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR: SILVER BRICKS IN A CART.



A CRUEL SPORT: A CAMEL FIGHT—THE FIRST MEETING.

Such camel fights as the one illustrated are very popular amongst the Arabs, especially those of Southern Tunisia. As a rule, the camel is a lover of peace, but at mating-time he becomes decidedly aggressive. The Arabs, knowing this, take advantage of the fact, and organise fights. A camel is brought into the arena, in which is a possible mate for him, and is afterwards taken back to his stable; the same process is gone through with his adversary. Then both are brought back to the arena, that they may fight for their lady love. The combat is of the fiercest description, and one camel is always killed. It is curious that, when fighting, the camel does not bite his opponent; his endeavour is either so to twist his neck about that of his adversary that he suffocates him, to suffocate him by pressing his neck between the knees, or to crush him between the knees.



THE END OF THE FIGHT: THE DEFEAT OF ONE OF THE COMBATANTS.



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

**S**ELDOM has a dinner been so thoroughly predigested as the famous poets' meal of next Tuesday. But with all the discussion, it seems as if there are certain things that we shall not know until the soles are caught, the salads dressed, and the covers laid. Who, for instance, is to represent the famous Lady Grisell Baillie, author of "And we'na my heart light I wad dee"? This poetess's line may be traced to the Stanhopes, to Lord Weardale and Lord Rosebery, to Lord Aberdeen, Lord Polwarth, Lord Ashburnham, and Lord Haddington. Whatever their appetites may be on the fifth, it will be impossible to accommodate them all. Some sort of test might be applied, and he who could best grace the lady's verses in after-dinner song be admitted. More appropriate still if Mrs. Hamilton King, herself a poet of great distinction, would consent to represent her ancestress.

*Children of Song.* It is interesting to note that all the three daughters of the Lord Rochester, of fame both good and evil, are represented in the Peerage



MISS MADELINE ETHEL GOODBODY AND CAPTAIN B. T. ST. JOHN, WHOSE WEDDING IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (31ST).

Miss Goodbody is an Irish girl, the eldest daughter of Mr. James Ellis Goodbody, of Thornville, Limerick. Captain St. John, of the 5th Fusiliers, is the younger son of the late Rev. the Hon. E. T. St. John, and of Mrs. St. John, of Bletsoe, Aboyné. The wedding will take place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick.

Photographs by Esme Collings and Lafayette.



true in many cases, and it would be easy to point out a batch of younger brothers who have, like Lord Randolph Churchill, proved themselves the elder in everything but years. But Lord Rosebery, although on a wave of oratorical enthusiasm he may deal in superlatives about a younger offspring, would assuredly, on another occasion, do the same for Lord Dalmeny. If the latter has spent much time beating a piece of red leather over a green field, and won the Earldom merely by being the first Primrose, he has earned in addition the respect and support of his father.

*The River Lord.* Lord Mersey of Toxteth's title has little legal flavour, and it will be easy to forget that the man who bears it, with all its suggestion of remote rural elegance, is the brisk, dry Sir John of the courts. But his river has been associated with a Shakespearean phrase that has often done duty on the Bench. "The quality of Mersey is not strained," spluttered the bather in that river when he swallowed some very muddy water.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN WALTON MELLOR TO-MORROW (31ST): MISS KATHLEEN WELLESLEY.

Miss Wellesley is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Gerald V. Wellesley, great-nephew of the Iron Duke. Colonel Wellesley was Staff-Paymaster in the Army Pay Department.

Photograph by Val E. Strange.

carried their rather cumbrous young On the principle that has shortened St. Clair into Sinclair and St. Abb into Stabb, the new Baron will perhaps find that his new name slides into something like "Sledgers" in the genial atmosphere of the King's health resort. Like the titles of Lord Brougham and Vaux and Lord Saye and Sele, it is just too long for familiar speech.

*Major and Minor.* Lord Rosebery's eulogy of the Hon. Neil Primrose may lead some people to class the noble Earl among the fathers who will approve Sir Francis Galton's Second Chamber proposition. Let it be a Chamber of Second Sons, says the scientist, on the ground that they are often appreciably more competent than the first-born. This is, and has been,

of to-day, their hands having been won by direct male ancestors of the present Lord Warwick, Lord Sandwich, and Lord Lisburne. Another poet who was largely responsible for the personnel of the Peerage as we now know it was Lord Herbert of Chisbury. Lord Powis, Lord Portsmouth, Lord Plymouth, and Lord de Ramsey are all entitled to attend the dinner on his ticket. Considering the extent of the family ramifications of the poetic tribe, and the interest of the subject, we are glad to learn that Mr. Percival Lucas, the antiquary, is keeping his keen genealogical eye upon the poetic table and poetic trees, so that we may hope for some permanent record of the gathering.

*For Short.* Lord and Lady Ashby St. Ledgers have title with them to Biarritz.



MR. SYDNEY STREATFIELD LAMERT AND MISS ELIZABETH SHEEPSHANKS, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

Miss Sheepshanks is the third daughter of the Bishop of Norwich, and is one of a family of ten sons and seven daughters, twelve of whom survive.

Photographs by Thomson.

*The Fascination of Italy.* "Oh to be in England now that April's here," wrote Browning in Italy. How is it, then, that everybody is making for the land of olive-trees and vineyards? Lord and Lady Mountgarret have come in for the Italian sun that cheers and invigorates; and Lord and Lady Harrowby have found the same friend shining over the Bay of Naples. Italy becomes an English colony for Easter week; but Lord and Lady Galway decided to strike newer ground, and have gone to Portugal.

*Millionairey Millinery.* One of the advantages of Italy is that you pass through Paris on the way there and on the way back. Paris may



TO MARRY MISS KATHLEEN WELLESLEY TO-MORROW (31ST): CAPTAIN WALTON MELLOR.

Captain Mellor, Royal Irish Regiment, is the elder son of Mr. J. E. Mellor, of Tan-y-Bryn, Abergelle.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.

be neither very warm nor very lovely about this time of the year, but it possesses attractions that constantly appeal to the feminine taste: it has its hat shops. They are sensational. Last week a pretty Englishwoman saw head-gear after her own heart in the window of a small establishment in a side street. "I'm going in to try it on," said she to her husband, who decided to wait outside. From what he saw through the window he guessed it was considered to be becoming, and, sorting a few substantial pieces from his change, he entered. "How much?" "Six hundred francs, Madame," said the attendant. Such a price explains, perhaps, why all the pretty millinery is seen not on the heads but in the windows of Paris.



SALOME AS CHANTECLER: A CHANGE INDEED!



THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS AND A ROSTAND CREATION: MISS GERTRUDE HOFFMANN  
AS CHANTECLER AND AS SALOME.

Our readers will remember that, when the Salome dance boom was at its height, Miss Gertrude Hoffmann made a great success in New York as the daughter of Herodias. She is now giving a farcical Chantecler dance with equal success.

*Photographs by the Fleet Agency and F. C. Bangs.*



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"The Toymaker." From Mr. Austin Strong comes the work chosen by Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery for the début of their daughter, Miss Margery Maude: the young lady has charm of person, manner, and voice, and considerable intelligence, and she played the part of "the girl" very prettily. It is "the girl," without any name on the programme, in order, perhaps half-apologetically, to admit that "The Toymaker of Nuremberg" is not one of your "slice of life" plays, but a purely conventional piece of sentimentality that might better have passed in "Weissnicht-wo," than in the city famous for "Nuremberg eggs." "Les Romanesques" and "Prunella" seem to be called to mind by Mr. Strong's play, though there is not the charming verse of the one or the element of mystery and fascinating music of the other. No charge of anything like a plagiarism is made by the suggestion or even by the hint that "The Toymaker" reminds one of Caleb Plummer. Mr. Austin Strong may fairly claim that the work is all his own, and his toymaker differs radically in character from the central figure in "The Cricket on the Hearth."

## Sentiment.

In love with love—that is the tone of the piece; and even the sternest of us, even the most "superior," is willing to swallow the agreeable dose of sentiment, and half vexed at the rather commonplace dénouement by means of the arrival of "the son from the States" who had made a fortune in "Teddy Bears": still, the play had to be ended somehow, and anything but a "lived happy ever after" would have been out of place. "The boy" was excellently rendered by Mr. Shiel Barry, who had an agreeable boyish air, but must, yet can hardly, be blamed for introducing a little too much passion. "The toymaker" was in the hands of Mr. Cyril Maude, who was quite at his best as the courageous, simple old man, a trifle slow, sometimes, but brimming over with kindness and tranquil humour. And there is plenty of other excellent acting—for instance, that of Mr. Beveridge, the Sergeant; and Mr. Fred Lewis, the old actor who plans the elopement of the innocent lovers; and Mr. Charles Allan, the employer; and Miss Elsie Chester, the mother.

## A Lurid Drama.

What a change from placid Nuremberg to stormy Sicily and the fierce drama called "Juan José" in which our Southern visitors gave one of their full-blooded performances. It has been called "a lurid melodrama" by some; but, for anything

I know, it is a truly observed, fine drama: that is one thing which worries me when attending these performances—I cannot learn from the synopsis anything about the quality of the plays, and, whilst marvelling at the performers, am in the dark as to whether they do justice to the efforts of the authors. The players may be better or worse than their parts! I think we may assume that the former is the case—that Grasso fully represents the passionate peasant lover who steals for the sake of his sweetheart, gets sent to jail, and when he comes out finds her mercenarily faithless (what a volcano he was!); that Signora Bragaglia portrayed truly the handsome peasant girl who could not endure poverty, and therefore sold herself; and that Cav. Musco's wonderful pantomime and extraordinary range of vocal effects were quite appropriate.

## The Triple Bill.

The Stage Society introduced a new author to us in Felix Salten, a foreigner, three of whose plays, excellently translated, were given in one programme. The dramatist is not proved by the three short works to be a writer of extraordinary gifts, but there is considerable ability in all of them and a strong suggestion of brain-power. The first, "Count Festenberg," seems intended as an attack upon the Viennese aristocracy, and shows, not very plausibly, how a waiter passed himself as a Count and married a lady of family. An admirable performance was given by Miss Helen Haye as the deceived lady; Mr. Harcourt Williams played cleverly in the chief part, but failed to give any subtle hint that the sham nobleman was not really of blue blood. "Life's Importance" was a queer work, a piece in which

two aspects of life, the worker's and the idler's, are vividly contrasted. It had a somewhat violent conclusion. In it there was some very able acting by Mr. Clifton Alderson and Mr. Charles Quatermaine. "The Return" was very funny. A man, supposed to be dying, said farewell to his mistress and sent for a girl whom he had wronged twelve years before, and married her so as to legitimise their child. She, although living happily with another man, consented to the marriage, believing her husband would die promptly. But he didn't die! There were a number of really comic complications, aided by a clever dialogue,

and the audience was immensely amused. Miss M. Bussé acted with much skill as the wife disappointed of widowhood, Miss Aimée de Burgh presented the mistress brightly, and there were able performances by Mr. Norman Page, Mr. Wontner, and Mr. P. Leslie.



A DANCER WHO HAS BENEFITED BY THE RUBBER BOOM: SEÑORA ROSARIO GUERRERO. Report has it that Señora Guerrero, the famous dancer, has been speculating in rubber to such good effect that she has netted over £6000. With this she is said to have bought more jewellery.



A LIVE VERSION OF A FAMOUS PARISIAN STATUE: THE GILT JOAN OF ARC OPPOSITE THE HÔTEL RÉGINA REPRESENTED BY Mlle. DAUMAS.

On the stage of the Moulin Rouge, in the revue "Amoureuse."—[Photograph by Bert.]



## THE BEARS' VERSION OF THE APACHE DANCE!

THE POLAR STARS.



SEEN IN "LA DANSE DES OURS": BARBARA AND MR. BARBARA, WHO ARE APPEARING  
AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Barbara and her spouse enchant a large public daily, and their "Danse des Ours" has become remarkably popular. It is less strenuous than the "Danse des Apaches" or the "Danse des Fautourgs," but at least as fascinating.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]



# GROWLS

By BERYL FABER (MRS. COSMO HAMILTON).

## The Dogs of Other People.

Every being who deserves the honoured title of human should be a lover of animals, must be a lover of animals. In fact, every being who is a lover of animals. That much is certain. It is also morally certain that if a being, being human, can go through life without a house or a garden of his or her own, he or she may never have to question their own humanity. But when the day arrives when, instead of keeping their riotous puppy in their father's house or garden, they have to keep it in their own! Behold, at every turn there is a chink in their human armour. And the savage peeps through. At this glorious season of the year, when bulbs—orange, purple, white—are bursting out on every side, when rings of daffodils are thrusting their yellow colour into sight, then, oh, then the dogs of other people become the scourge by which we prove our right to the proud title human. It would be most interesting to discover how many of us who really love our garden dare lay claim to this same title.

## Love Me, Love My Dog.

It is only in the spring in our own garden that we come to realise the supreme irony of the old sentence "Love me, love my dog." It is a plea in very truth. It is a claim which severs more friendships than can be counted. In one's very young days one is apt to believe that the old phrase is an assertion, as "You love me, and therefore love my dog." As a matter of fact, it is very likely true in one's young days, before one owns that garden. Later it appears in the nature of a half-concealed threat, as "If you want me to love you, you will have to love my dog." Even this is possible, clearly possible—before the advent of the garden, the garden in the spring. Presently that old sentence takes on a querulous note of interrogation: "You love me? Ho, ho! What about my dog?"

**Why Blame the Dog?** It is not the dog's fault at all. That is the singular part of it. The dog is merely the cause which opens our eyes to the selfishness, the laziness, and the egotism of all the other people who own the other dogs. There is, for instance, the owner of half-a-dozen dogs, the wily fox-terrier, puppies mostly. At the end of a long walk through splendid fields, where they have had all the exercise they need, their owner calls upon a friend or daughter. Forget-me-nots are just sitting up and beginning to take notice. Wall-flowers are coming out. Bulbs are everywhere. The hostess casts a perturbed eye at her visitor's dog-whip, also at a dog-lead or two. "Are you alone?" "Yes, just giving my dogs a run." "Oh! Are

there many?" "No—only about four." "Oh! I wonder. . . ." "They're all right. Waiting, outside the gate." "The outer gate?" "No—the inside gate. They're all right." But the conversation is strained. The hostess takes not the slightest interest in the new litter of pups. Her mind has only one eye, and that eye rests on her garden—in imagination. She gently, but withal firmly, engineers her visitor towards the hall, towards the front door—into the garden. "Where the. . ."

Shrill whistles, and from four corners rush perfectly black puppies. . . . "Tcha, tcha! And the show on to-morrow! Look at their coats! What chance have I of getting them to look decent? This garden—" And the owner bustles off, and the hostess is left observing pampas-grass strewn in all directions; a few rose-bushes scattered on the paths; apparently a rabbit-warren, where to her certain and most happy knowledge had been a bed of wall-flowers and forget-me-nots. Forget-them-not!

**The Dog Visitor.** The owner of a garden is in happy possession of a wild animal known as a sheep-dog. After many strenuous hours, she has trained him to rush immediately to the field when let out, and never, never, never to bound on flower-beds. To the owner of this garden—this garden in the spring—comes a visitor, warmly welcomed, and the visitor's dog, warmly welcomed too. The garden's owner gives strict orders that her dog shall be kept in, knowing full well the flower-killing propensity of two young dogs loose in a garden. The visitor opens her bedroom door in the morning. "Someone is sure to let him out." This visitor is obviously of the

kind who never takes any trouble over her own dog when there are others who can take the trouble from her. So the dog rushes, unhindered, into The Garden. From her window the unfortunate hostess observes a plunge into a bank of lavender; sees branches broken left and right; sees a sagacious, smiling nose burrow for the bone which should be there amongst newly sown sweet-peas! Gently raising her window, insinuatingly she calls. With a bark of complete triumph, the dog bounds into the narcissi-clump. With four muscular legs he scratches strenuously. "By Jove! what a garden! My mother knew something when she brought me to stay here! This will amuse me for weeks!" And the sad owner of the garden, honest lover of dogs, realising that for her this spring there will be no narcissi, no sweet-peas, no forget-me-nots, faces the naked fact that, though a living, breathing being, she is not human after all.

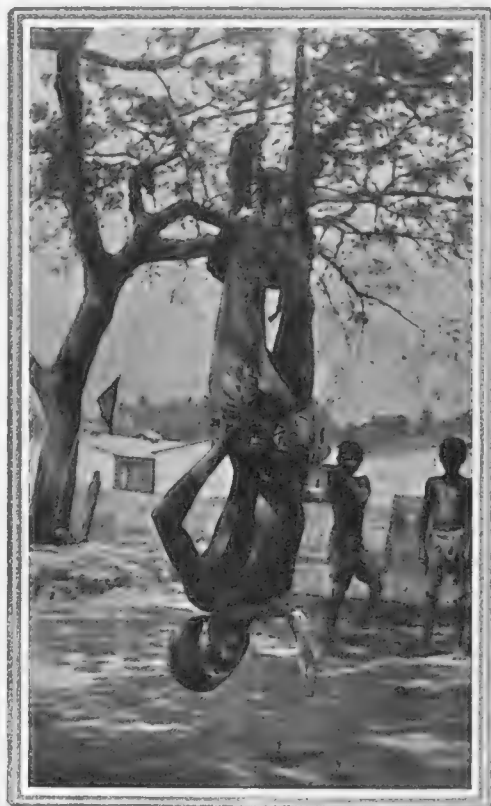


MASKED AND IN STRANGE COSTUMES DURING THE PERIOD IN WHICH THEY MUST LIVE IN THE BUSH: TEN-YEAR-OLD BAPENDE BOYS.



SPARE PARTS FOR THE MODEL A 1 HOMO: A TREE OF WAX HANDS.

This curious tree holds spare wax hands, destined to be placed on figures in the Musée Grévin, in Paris, when the hands of any of them show signs of wear.



LIVING IN A TOPSY-TURVY WORLD: AN INDIAN FAKIR HUNG UP BY HIS FEET.

The fakir hangs in this position from early morning until sunset, and has occupied the same "pitch" for about three years. He is to be seen in a small village outside Bombay.



ALL CHANGE!



520.55. France

THE OLD LADY (to the porter, who has been struggling with many packages): Very sorry, but I have no small change — so would you mind accepting a postage-stamp?

DRAWN BY WILNOT LUNT.

# KEYNOTES

DR. RICHARD STRAUSS.

DR. RICHARD STRAUSS has now come into his kingdom in this country after enduring the allotted measure of ridicule meted out to all innovators, and, having been blamed for faults of which he is not guilty, is likely to be praised for merits he does not possess. He is still on the sunny side of his forty-seventh year, so he may have yet more surprises in store. A pianist at four, a composer at six, some of his songs were sung in public by Frau Meysenheim, one of the Munich Opera artists, when he was sixteen years old. A year later his *magnum opus*, a Symphony in D minor, received public performance. Before Strauss was twenty he had attracted the favourable attention of Hans von Bülow, who invited him to conduct a suite of his own at one of the concerts given in Munich by the Meiningen Orchestra in 1885, and a little later gave him a permanent engagement as assistant conductor. The same orchestra produced another of his symphonies, and he played the solo part in one of the Mozart pianoforte concerti. Such a record as this leaves nobody surprised by anything that may follow.

In years following Richard Strauss conducted opera at Munich and Weimar, visited Italy, found his modern voice, and wrote the first of his great tone-poems, "Don Juan," which Hans von Bülow gave in Berlin. After further foreign travel in search of health, he wrote his first opera, "Guntram," and became engaged to his chief soprano, Fräulein Pauline de Ahna. A little later he succeeded Hans von Bülow as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Concerts, and after wanderings in many European capitals, to which he introduced his tone-poems and other work, was appointed conductor at the Berlin Royal Opera. A second opera, the "Feuersnot" (1901),

was followed in 1905 by "Salomé," and last year by "Elektra."

This country owes its first acquaintance with Strauss's music to the late Sir August Manns, who gave the "Till Eulenspiegel" at the Crystal Palace in 1896. At the close of the following year Dr. Strauss visited London, and conducted his "Till Eulenspiegel" and his "Tod und Verklärung" at a Queen's Hall concert. Since then the composer has received an ever-growing measure of acceptance in London and other musical centres, and we have even had a Strauss festival in London (June 1903).

To-day he holds such a position in the world of music as only Wagner has held before him. A man of supreme gifts, strong sense of humour, untiring energy, great personal magnetism, and a curious catholicity of taste, he has delighted thousands, who hear in his utterances

others who are not carried off their feet by the movement to worship the master; they attempt to discriminate between what he has done inimitably and what he has done without much inspiration. This is the sane attitude. Dr. Strauss is distinctly a composer whose work is not all on one plane. There are times when a great volume of sound seems to endeavour to obscure some musical expression that is not far removed from the commonplace; there are moments when such a spirit of mischief as animated "Till Eulenspiegel" seems to set him laughing at his own admirers, sets him to write something calculated to strain their faith. The "Domestic Symphony," for example, seems full of pitfalls designed to entrap the blind and deaf devotees.

Strauss would not have collected his vast present-day audience without the aid of two great operas—the "Salomé," founded upon Oscar Wilde's play, and the "Elektra," based upon the Hoffmannsthal version. The last-named work must have had a certain long-standing fascination for him—when quite a lad he wrote the music

for a chorus from the "Elektra" of Sophocles. The "Feuersnot," "Salomé," and "Elektra" are all in one act. We are unlikely to hear the first-named, but the last has proved the mainstay of the recent season at Covent Garden, and, if rumour be true, we are to hear "Salomé" in the autumn, the ban upon its performance having been removed at last. Those of us who have heard the "Salomé" on the Continent know that it has some of the characteristics of "Elektra": amazing passages that at first sound like a mere babel of noise; some scenes of entrancing beauty. The meeting between John and Salomé is as beautiful as the meeting between Elektra and Orestes. "Salomé" is no less dramatic than the "Elektra," and is safe to be popular, because the public goes to the opera for sensationalism, and there is enough and to spare in "Salomé," which is written in fashion that brings more passion, colour, and atmosphere of the East into the orchestra than any other work within our knowledge.

Almost as interesting as the past and present of Richard Strauss is his future. What will he do, this master of orchestration on the largest scale—this man who seems at times to write more for the eye than for the ear, inasmuch as some of his orchestral effects are deliberately destroyed by the others? Somebody, speaking with authority and after careful examination of the score of the "Domestic Symphony," said that a third of the notes and several of the instruments might have been omitted from the score with perfect propriety. But Richard Strauss, who discovered the "Hansel and Gretel" and was one of the first to recognise the promise of Elgar, has deliberately enlarged the orchestra beyond reasonable bounds, he has set his players to say the things that cannot be heard, has placed no limits upon his own eccentricity. At times one feels that he is almost as great an actor as a musician, that, with one eye upon immortality, he keeps another for the idiosyncrasies of his audiences and critics, that when all the storm has died down he may yet issue a revised version of his own works with the obvious eccentricities removed and the beauty left.

COMMON CHORD.



AS HERSELF: MME. TETRAZZINI, THE FAMOUS PRIMA-DONNA.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



AS THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT: MME. TETRAZZINI.

Mme. Tetrazzini is completing a triumphal progress in America. She is expected to arrive here on the twentieth of next month, and is likely to be heard on the opening night of the Grand Opera Season at Covent Garden, which is fixed for the twenty-third of April. In that case, she will probably be seen in "La Traviata," with Mr. John McCormack. The King has engaged the royal box for the whole of the season. [Photograph by the Fleet Agency.]

the music rendering of emotions that before his day groped vainly for expression. There are still more to whom Strauss means nothing, but they applaud him no less heartily on that account. Tolerance of many uncouth sounds is a small price to pay for the reputation of a good judge. Happily, there are yet



SETTLING DAY, MARCH 30TH.



THE CURATE: I've—er—called to see the head of the house.

THE DOUBTFUL ONE: Well, jest slip in a minute, Sir, and maybe we'll be able to tell you which one 'tis;  
we're now settling the point.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"HOMO SUM; HUMANI NIHIL A ME ALIENUM PUTO."\*

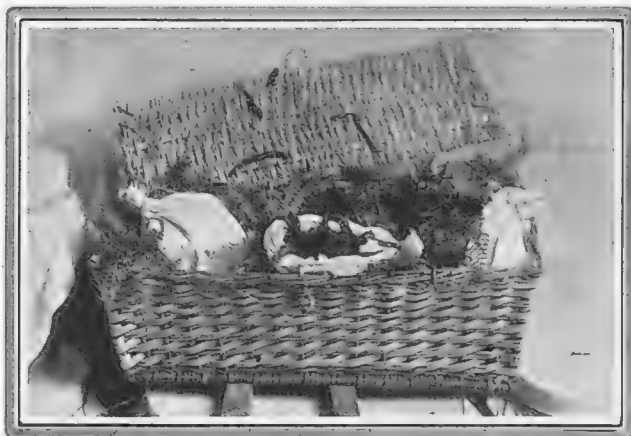
THE motto of the London is "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto"—"I am a man; and all calamities that touch mankind come home to me." Is it wonderful that the "long ugly building which faces the Whitechapel Road" is very real to the East-Enders? "He knows which are the windows of the great operating-theatres. He is sure to take notice if they are lighted up or not; if they are, he will probably mention the fact when he gets home, for he looks upon these operating-theatres as the very battle-ground between life and death. His father did this before him his grandfather before that." Thus he recognises a great institution, a miracle of organisation, a home of healing. He is not compelled to be grateful, as he was in the old days, when he had to return thanks on pain of never being admitted again. But he remembers, all the same, and his gratitude is none the less genuine. Could he but visualise the labour of years that has gone to the making of his cure; realise the changes that have come over Hospital conditions, he would bless his stars also that he lives in the present century of grace.

Nothing has been more remarkable than the growth of knowledge concerning the ills that flesh is heir to. Many years after the bottle of blood in the barber-surgeon's window had given way to the red lamp over the doctor's door, hospital patients were not described as "objects" or "miserable objects" without cause. Dirt was everywhere. At the beginning of the nineteenth century "so great was the pressure on the beds that two patients were put into each at times, and the 'matron complained that the blankets were so small that they would scarce cover one patient.'" In those days, too, "the idea of a wound was inseparable from that of fever. . . Pirogoff, a most experienced surgeon, actually wrote a treatise on 'Luck in Surgery,' in which, after long years of surgical practice, he expressed his opinion that the influence of the skill of the surgeon was as nothing compared to that of chance in determining the success of an operation." Then there was the nurse to be reckoned with. "The first nurse ever appointed at the London Hospital was called 'Squire,' simply 'Squire.' She is not even

operation, to call assistants to hold down the patient—a bell whose dreadful clank could be heard by every shivering patient in the building, including the patient, often a little child; a bell with a voice loud enough and harsh enough to make all Whitechapel shudder."

To-day, all that is but a terrible dream. The introduction of anæsthetics and antiseptics, the increased skill, the everyday heroism of the doctor and the surgeon, the splendidly efficient nurse, the highly trained official of every grade, the patient worker in the

laboratory, have brought about a beneficent revolution. The Finsen light, the X-rays, the Tyrnauer bath, every healing device scientific man has brought into being plays its part, is a cog in the machine that wages the perpetual war against disease. The modern operating-theatre bears magnificent witness to progress: "Every corner in the theatres is rounded, to make cleaning easy. All water-pipes and shelves are carried on brackets away from the walls for the same reason. Air coming into the theatres is warmed and strained through fine gauze, and the water used is boiled and cooled again out of contact with the air (no harmful micro-organisms can resist five minutes in boiling water). Instruments are boiled and not touched by anyone again except the surgeon himself; dressings are sterilised by heat from steam under high pressure in boxes of copper, which are sealed down after sterilisation, and the seal not broken until the time of the operation. The patient's skin in the vicinity of the incision is also rendered sterile by means of ether and various antiseptics, in order that no germs may be washed into the wound. The surgeon's own hands are cleaned by long scrubbing and by antiseptics. Sometimes the cleaning of the surgeon's hands will take longer than the operation itself. There are many materials used—such as sponges and catgut—which cannot be sterilised by heat, the most efficient method. Sponges, which are used in thousands, are never allowed in the theatres at 'The London' until they have been washed by hand in at least fifty changes of water, to remove all grit and sand, and have been allowed to stand for not less than seven weeks in strong solution (five per cent.) of carbolic acid. All



THE DOCTORS: A BASKETFUL OF MEDICINAL LEECHES.

The medicinal leech, which is still used in blood-letting, grows, like its less valuable brothers, very slowly. It does not arrive at maturity before some years have elapsed, and is not fit for medicinal purposes until it has reached the age of twelve or eighteen months. It lives in fresh water. It will be remembered that "leech" was once the general English name for a physician.

after sterilisation, and the seal not broken until the time of the operation. The patient's skin in the vicinity of the incision is also rendered sterile by means of ether and various antiseptics, in order that no germs may be washed into the wound. The surgeon's own hands are cleaned by long scrubbing and by antiseptics. Sometimes the cleaning of the surgeon's hands will take longer than the operation itself. There are many materials used—such as sponges and catgut—which cannot be sterilised by heat, the most efficient method. Sponges, which are used in thousands, are never allowed in the theatres at 'The London' until they have been washed by hand in at least fifty changes of water, to remove all grit and sand, and have been allowed to stand for not less than seven weeks in strong solution (five per cent.) of carbolic acid. All



ON A LEECH "FARM", PUTTING LEECHES INTO TUBS FILLED WITH LOAM.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.



PREPARING THE "DOCTORS" FOR EXPORTATION: SORTING AND WASHING LEECHES.

honoured with 'Mrs.' or 'Miss,' for nurses then were invariably broken-down and drunken old widows. 'Squire' was paid five shillings a week, and lived out!" Worse than all was the operation before the day of anæsthetics. "There are still ghastly relics in the hospital of these terrible days: the great wooden operating-table, with its straps; the bell which was sounded before an

these precautions being taken, wounds heal with a regularity that is almost monotonous." So it comes about that it can be said: "One after the other, diseases are disappearing. . . All 'germ' diseases are going. Length of life is extending. As many people died at forty in the reign of Elizabeth as now live to seventy."

Support, then, the hospitals, the greatest of charities, and the London in particular—and, that you may have proper understanding, read Mr. Morris's book.

\* "A History of the London Hospital." By E. W. Morris. (Edward Arnold. 6s. net.)



SEE "AUNTIE AMELIA'S OWN CORNER."



7. 48753.

PET: Are you reading the "Ladies' Home Paper," Granny?

GRANNY: Yes, pet.

PET: Then I wish you'd turn to where it tells you how to get inkstains out of pug-dogs.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE WITNESS.

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE girl parted the bushes with one hand, and looked through. With the other she grasped a small cardboard box, some brown paper, and a piece of string. After an instant's survey she slipped through to the clearing in the woods, and, sitting on the grass, made a parcel of the box. Then she sprang to her feet, threw off a long coat she wore, and climbed a tree. The trunk was hollow, and the thud of the box as it touched the bottom was louder, apparently, than she had anticipated. She started and glanced down.

"Oh!" she said with a little gasp.

The man sitting under the tree opposite looked up at her.

"Ingram!" she cried incredulously.

He stood up, and made a movement as though to come to her. But almost instantly he checked it.

Gillian flushed. Surprise at meeting him gave way to resentment. Was he actually afraid that *she* would overstep the barrier her father's ruin and death had raised between them? Surely after three years he might feel comparatively safe; but if not—well, she would contrive to show him that it was he who would not be allowed to break down that barrier.

She swung herself down from the tree.

"As the only witness," she said lightly, "your assistance will be invaluable to the policeman."

He was no slower than she to recover self-possession.

"You are expecting a policeman?" he asked politely.

"Any minute. You have only to tell him in which tree I've hidden the box. As you see, I can't get it out again. You may remember we always used to have to fish things up with an umbrella, and I have nothing longer than a hatpin. I made no provision for witnesses."

"There is my stick," he suggested.

She weighed the suggestion a moment. Then, with a shake of the head, she picked up her coat.

"No use, I'm afraid, but many thanks all the same. I'm caught in any case; I couldn't get away in time."

"Are you supposing I shall tell the policeman what—what I have seen?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Well, if you don't, the other man will. People seem to spring out of space in this apparently quiet neighbourhood."

He winced at the thrust. "I can lay claim to no such powers," he said coldly. "I—we"—he laid his hand on his dog's head—"we simply moved from the other side of the tree."

"Oh!" she said indifferently. "Well, the other man probably moved out of a dry ditch. Anyway, he saw. I was sitting on a stile—it was so hot walking up from the station—and he came up behind and saw the things in the box. I had it open on my knee."

"And what did he do?"

"Oh, I didn't wait. I ran."

"And didn't he run too?"

"Oh, yes," she admitted; and added an explanatory, "I used to play left wing at hockey, if you remember."

He nodded, smiling appreciatively. "He was surprised?"

Gillian flashed an answering smile. "From his—er—volcanic remarks, I gathered he wasn't pleased. He will quite certainly tell."

There was a pause.

"And what are you thinking of doing?" he asked at last.

"Making a dash for freedom—and getting caught." The gay recklessness of her tone rose like a wall between him and her real feeling.

He reflected. "I shouldn't," he said. "I think there's a better way, if you'll let me help. Are your hands dirty?"

She stared at him for a moment in amazement. Then she dropped her coat with a laugh, and examined her fingers critically.

"How polite of you," she threw at him, "to put it in the form of a question. They are."

"Well, I should wash them. They might give you away."

She nodded a quick assent, and ran to the stream beyond the clearing. Resolutely she shut her mind to all but the immediate present. It would not do to think; the very air of the place was vibrant with memories.

When she came back, she found that Ingram had folded her coat neatly and was sitting on half of it.

"If you sit on the other half," he explained, "it will be quite hidden. You see, they'll be looking for your coat, won't they?—not your dress. The man will hardly have noticed that."

"No," she agreed, but she did not sit down.

"Besides," he added in a matter-of-fact voice, "my idea was to let it appear as though we were together. They are looking for a girl alone."

"Oh—I see." She sat down. "I should never have thought of all that," she was constrained to admit. Then, her sense of justice appeased, she added hastily, "Not that I see any use in it, really. The policeman is sure to ask questions, and then one of us is sure to give it away."

"But if—"

She gave a little gasp of dismay. "Oh, look!" she whispered.

He bent low over his dog. "Better not," he whispered back. "Who is it?"

"He's coming—the policeman; he's seen us."

"Of course. He's meant to see us." The sudden sharpness in his voice jerked her roughly back to self-control. "If he stops, look at him without flinching, but don't speak. I'll answer."

His curt peremptoriness sent her head stiffly in the air. She opened her lips for a sharp retort, but it did not come. There was a look of anxiety, of strain in his face that deterred her. After all, he had a plan and she had none; it was not fair to interfere.

"Excuse me, Sir"—the policeman stopped with an air of apology—"but has a young woman been this way? A tall, slim young woman in a long, dark-blue coat." He read the description from his notebook.

Ingram shook his head. "I have seen no one," he answered, "all the time we have been here."

The policeman touched his helmet. "Thank you, Sir. Sorry to trouble you. She must have taken the road to Hutchfield then. I thought she might have tried to hide in this wood, but it's only small; you'd have seen or heard her."

"Yes," assented Ingram. "Anything exciting, constable?"

"Well, I couldn't rightly say yet, Sir. Suspicious circumstances so far, that's all. Young woman, shabbily dressed, seen with a box full of rings and necklaces, and bolted when seen."

"Ah!"

"Yes, Sir. So, of course, we're following it up." He turned back. "Good-day to you, Sir. Good-day"—he hesitated an instant respectfully, weighing probabilities—"good-day, Ma'am."

His steps died away.

"Well," Ingram said cheerfully, "I think we've worked that all right. If you leave your coat behind, and walk to the next station up the line—not the one you arrived at—you'll be safe. But not just yet. Wait till the policeman is well on his way."

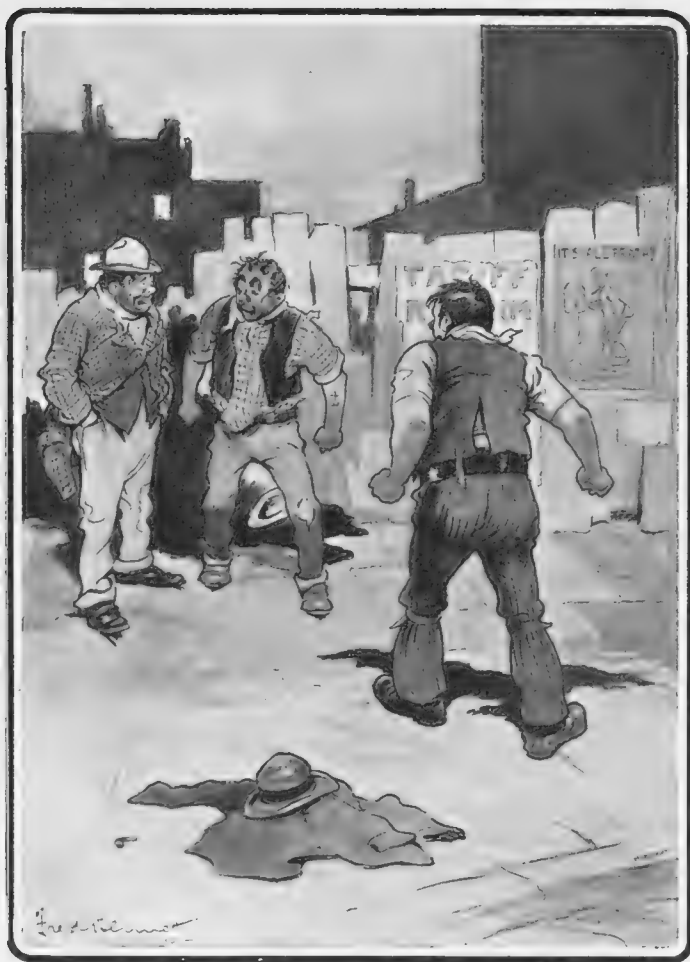
Gillian nodded. Again her inconvenient sense of justice clamoured for expression. "It was very good of you," she said, "to lie like that for me. Thank you."

An emotion to which she had no key passed like a shadow across his face. Could it be, she wondered hotly, that her acknowledgment of a kind action seemed to him again like an attempt to

[Continued overleaf.]



# THREE OF THEM!



HIS BACKER: Why don't you stop some of 'em?"

THE ALMOST VANQUISHED: Stop 'em! I ain't lettin' many pass me, am I?

DRAWN BY FRED BENNETT.



THE CONJURER (who has produced two eggs from the boy's pocket): There, my lad. Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?

THE BOY: Course she can!

THE CONJURER: Indeed! How's that?

THE BOY: She keeps ducks.

DRAWN BY WARING CAVENAGH



THE SERVANT (giving evidence on the morning following a burglary): Yes'm, and it sounded just as if someone 'ad been thrown downstairs 'eavy; but thinkin' as 'ow I 'eard your voice, I says to myself, "Oh, that's only master," and turned over to sleep.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

overstep the barrier? She rose hurriedly. "Before I go," she added, "you have a right to an explanation."

"A right?" His voice, too, was cold. "Thanks, but I don't want it."

Unwillingly she admitted that to put it so had been ungenerous—even unjust. "I beg your pardon," she corrected. "What I meant to say was that I wished, if you would allow me, to explain."

"Oh, it is entirely as you please."

"Well—of course," she began rather awkwardly, "the things in the box *are* mine"—she laughed resentfully—"in spite of my being so shabby. And there isn't, in fact, the slightest objection to the policeman knowing all about it, except the dreadful publicity of proving things. You see, Charlie and I happen to be rather hard up, and lately he's said one or two things that looked as if—as if he were thinking of these trinkets of mother's." She glanced at Ingram. "He's the best brother in the world," she asserted rather defiantly, "only—one he can't acquire the habit of being poor, somehow. So in case some day, when he was extra-desperate and I wasn't there, he should—" She broke off. "Anyway, I thought I'd hide them. Perhaps," she added, with a little smile, "it was mostly because I wanted a day in the country so badly. What brought you here?"

"I wanted a day in the country so badly."

"You?" Her eyes widened. "But you can have it any day."

"Is that a reason against my having it to day?"

She laughed. "No, of course not. I was only thinking—one never *really* wants things till one can't have them."

"Oh?" he questioned doubtfully.

"Of course you won't believe that. I wouldn't have done, either. I used to think I was wanting things fiercely. But one doesn't—not till one's poor." She relegated him, with a kind of cheerful magnanimity, to the ranks of the inexperienced. He must be shown that the barrier was of her making, and insurmountable.

"There are other avenues of knowledge," he demurred quickly, "besides poverty."

She made a sound of good-tempered amusement. "There are things one can't know," she assured him equably, "till one is poor"; and dismissed the subject with a shrug of the shoulders. "Have you been painting much lately?" she inquired.

"Not much just lately."

"Ah!" She pursed her lips with a little air of wisdom. "Now I know! You've got a fit of—of the artistic blues; a divine despair drove you into the wilderness, and you're never going to be able to paint again. Isn't that how you feel?"

"Something like that," he admitted, rather gruffly.

"But *isn't* it silly?" she rallied him, "when you know from experience that to-morrow you'll have forgotten all about it?"

He hesitated. "It's never been so bad before."

"Oh! oh! As if one doesn't say that each time!"

His face quivered sensitively.

"Oh, and feel it too, of course," she allowed.

"*You* feel it?"

"Yes—when I've time. I so seldom have. And bread-and-butter depends on my not feeling it."

"Does it? You see, I know nothing about you now. You vanished so completely."

"Yes, wasn't it clever of us? Of course, I know now it was the only possible thing to do, but at the time it must have been a sort of instinct that drove us from our kind."

"The only possible thing?" he repeated. "How do you argue that?"

"Well, if Providence builds a wall, gold one side and copper the other, between you and your kind, it's rather silly to keep on battering at it. It can't fall down, and the only sensible thing to do is to turn round and see what there is to do on your own side of the wall."

"And what was there to do on your side?"

"Amazing quantities of things. The most important are—illustrating when I can get it, and teaching all the time. Now and then I spare three minutes for the luxury of a divine despair. But it's an unjustifiable extravagance." She rose. "I think I'd better be going."

"Yes, perhaps." He, too, rose. There was no attempt on either side to make the parting warmer than the meeting.

"Well, good-bye," Gillian said easily. "I hope you'll be able to paint again to-morrow."

"Thank you."

"And thank *you* for—for being such a false witness. Good-bye."

The flag of her pride was unlowered. She had shown Ingram that it was as hard for a woman as for a man to accept everything and give nothing. A doubt as to whether he really knew that had poisoned many moments of the last three years, but it would poison no more. Through the hot stillness of late afternoon she walked towards the distant station. Afterwards she could never remember just how or when the new feeling was born. It grew somehow imperceptibly out of the thousand summer sights and sounds of the old, wise, familiar country, and she was troubled by its persistency long before she could conquer its elusiveness. Her mind passed

carefully in review all that Ingram had said—all that he had looked. Then, of a sudden, the feeling took definitely sinister shape.

*There was something wrong, and Ingram had kept it from her.*

She stood still, battling with a conviction based on such slender foundations. But it was no use; she had to turn back, painfully conscious of the apparent unreasonableness of her action, yet driven on by some force superior to reason.

Ingram was still there; she could see him between the trees, and the dog beside him.

She turned to flee, in an access of common-sense and panic. There was nothing wrong; she would look absurd.

But even as she turned Ingram moved, stretched his arms above his head and stood up. It was too late to go; as soon as he looked up he must see her. She waited.

The dog gave an excited bark and bounded away. Ingram called him back and fastened a strap to his collar. Then they came slowly towards her.

His eyes were lowered, but his head was tilted slightly upwards. The attitude struck Gillian with a feeling of strangeness—strangeness in Ingram, and yet familiarity—a somehow awful familiarity in—whom? She drew her brows together in a puzzled frown. Something else, surely, went with that particular tilt of the head, that slightly backward holding of the body. What was it? A sound of some sort?

It came to her with a fierce stab of pain, before which she quailed. The sound that went with that attitude was *the tapping of a stick*. For a moment the knowledge held her paralysed; then it came to her that the one unpardonable thing was to go on watching him without his knowing it.

"Ingram," she faltered, "I'm—I'm here."

He stopped dead at the first sound of her voice, and anger flamed in his unseeing eyes.

"So you couldn't leave me even that," he said, with slow bitterness. "You've come back to see. Or perhaps you knew all the time?"

"No! Ah, no!" Her eyes besought him for mercy—so impossible was it to realise that only sound could reach him. "Ingram!" she whispered. "Oh, my dear—my dear!"

He held himself rigidly still. "It only needed that," he said, with a twisted smile. "It only needed your pity."

"Pity?" Her voice shook. "You—you dare to call it pity?"

"What else? While you thought me a man you held me at arm's length; now you find I'm a helpless log you pity me."

"Ah, don't!" Her voice was heavy with pain. "While you were wholly rich and I wholly poor, I—I was proud of my pride but now—oh, don't you see, it's because now I too can give something?"

"Yes," he said. "And now that you are wholly rich and I wholly poor, I too am proud of my pride."

"You're being unjust," she said. "Don't you see that it still isn't *very* easy for me, because, in spite of—this, you still have all the things that made it hard for me before? We've—we've both got to stop being proud of our pride."

For an instant he hesitated; then he shook his head.

"It's too hard," he said huskily. "If it should be all right in October, and you still—"

"October?" She snatched at the implied hope. "Then—then there's a *chance*?"

"They're going to operate in October, and—yes, there's a chance."

"Ingram! Ingram!" She broke into wild laughter and tears. "How could you be so cruel? A chance—and you didn't tell me!"

He made a hopeless gesture. "Even now, what's the use? If it goes right in October there will still be your pride; and if it goes wrong there will be mine."

"Then it must go right," she exulted; "and it shall be my pride in exchange for your—sight. Now, will you please try to remember my name?"

His lips quivered. "Gillian, you are unspeakably good to me. But—till October—don't you see that I can't do or say anything?"

There was the whir of a motor-car in the high road, a sudden stop, and the sound of a horn.

"It's the car," Ingram explained. "I told Hall to come for me and wait in the road."

Gillian nodded. "And you will take me home?" she asked simply.

He hesitated.

"Ah, you're not afraid I don't understand?" she said. "We—we're going to wait for summer till October. But to-day—just to-day there's one thing I can be to you."

"What?" he asked.

"Eyes to see."

He began to move slowly in the direction of the road, his fingers tightened round the dog's strap.

As they left the shelter of the trees the setting sun shone in their faces.

"Gillian," he whispered.

"Yes?"

"What—what sort of a sunset is it?" he asked hungrily.

THE END.



# THE PERFECT MAN

THE London season is opening early, the weather has been favourable, many gallant men have assembled at Westminster, and various public dinners and other festivities are taking place. All these things render some attention to the wardrobe a necessity for every man who wishes to pass muster before the fashion censor of spring 1910.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR SYDENHAM HILL, BART(ERER)?  
THE MAYOR OF THE PALACE—A COSTUME DESIGN  
FOR THE PAGEANT OF LONDON.

As, no doubt, our readers are aware, the outstanding feature of the festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace will be the Pageant of London. In this will be seen many a worthy citizen of the metropolitan boroughs of to-day, his wife, his sons and his daughters, forgetting rates and taxes, bills and bonnets, crowded streets and brick boxes, in the joy of being for a few brief hours people of other and more spacious days. To each of the chosen boroughs will be given one scene.

Photograph by Topical.

Street, or a stroll along the Row when the sun is shining brightly, brings us vis-à-vis with many men in morning-coat suits. Their coats and waistcoats are made from a very soft-finish, dull-surfaced cloth in either black or dark grey.

The length of these coats is about forty inches for a five-foot eight-inch figure, and this is divided almost equally by the pleat-buttons on the hips, which indicate the waist-seams, the upper portion being slightly the shorter. The new style of fit is very close at the waist, but easy round the chest. This is a feature which is accentuated by the fronts being only fastened at the waist; the upper part is made with a lapel to turn low down. The fastening is more often arranged by a button; but some of those who desire to be extra-smart are having the fronts cut a little narrower, and fasten them together by a link, which gives quite a different effect to the overlapping front. The finish of the hips varies a good deal: some have them left quite plain; others have flaps sewn into the waist-seam, but without pockets under; others have pockets also; whilst another set have pockets, with flaps put in on the slant, a little lower down, thus giving a rather dressy finish, which is more suitable for tweeds and coloured materials than for blacks or dark greys.

Amongst the trifles of this garment the ticket-pocket plays an important part; in days gone by it was always placed in the front of the right waist-seam, where it was handy and convenient; but as it somewhat disfigured the front, it was removed to the inside of the facing or the left-hand side, where it is now mostly placed, though sometimes it is located inside the hip-pocket, where it is neat, handy, and quite out of sight. The breast-pocket is also generally relegated to the inside, except in coats that are made to button higher than those we have been describing; such as find favour amongst the older or business men, many of whom have an outside breast-pocket on the left side.

These coats will be made up from various coloured cloths for summer wear. The new invisible-pattern cashmere and worsteds are very stylish, though stripes are only permissible for morning-coats when they are very indistinct and broken. The lapel is kept rather on the narrow side, and finishes in a right-angle step where it joins

the collar; but for those who desire a variation from this style, the pointed lapel, more like that seen on the frock-coat, is utilised. The new turn-back cuffs are very much worn on braided and bound coats; but they have only found a very limited support for black or grey coats that are finished with plain edges, though for the coloured cloths they have been freely used.

In most cases, the waistcoat worn with these coats is single-breasted and made to button fairly high, and finishes at the neck without a collar. The fronts are cut long and pointed, and show both above and below the buttoning of the coat. Many men have lately shown a preference for double-breasted waistcoats, and these have consequently received an increase of patronage. As the season advances lighter waistcoats will be worn, but it needs a warm air to promenade in the open with the coat unfastened. Still, that will not be long in coming now, and already a suitable waistcoat for such occasions is being shown made of mulberry, Wedgwood blue, and grey cloths. It is made in single-breasted style, but has wide lapels like a double-breasted waistcoat, it buttons four, has points quite four inches below the bottom button, and generally has quite a dandy touch about it—possibly too much so for some.

For wear with these, some very tasteful outfitting designs have been prepared—for instance, some very stylishly striped shirts of harmonious shade, and neat cravats of the same colour to wear with them, are shown; indeed, a study of the latest details of outfitting accessories indicates that the waistcoat is the key of the secondary colour-scheme of the entire outfit, socks, shirt, tie, and even links, pins, and studs are all made in the same shade.

The silk hat worn with the black or dark-grey morning-coat suit is about six inches deep, with a slight bell-shape outwards at the top, and a brim from one and three-quarters to two inches wide, with a decided curl at the side, which this year is kept flatter than formerly. The hard felt bowler often takes the place of this with coloured morning-coat suits, and many of these hats are quite narrow and flat at the brims. Occasionally, soft felt hats in green, drab, or grey are seen worn; but they are the exception.

W. D. F. V.



A LORDLING IN THE MAKING: A YOUNG NOBLE, PLUS PATTERNS FOR HIS CLOTHES—A COSTUME DESIGN FOR THE PAGEANT OF LONDON.

To Camberwell will fall the pleasant duty of providing the actors for "The Norman Conquest," which will "present" King Harold marching to meet William of Normandy, and William the Conqueror's entry into London. Sydenham will be called upon for "The Beginnings of Empire," which will illustrate the settlement of our first colony, Virginia. To Westminster will be allotted "The Triumph of Conquest," the return of the young King Henry from Harfleur and Agincourt. Marylebone will represent "The Age of Chivalry," a tournament before Queen Philippa and the Black Prince—and so on, through the selected boroughs.—[Photograph by Topical.]



By HENRY LEACH.

### The Holiday Golfer.

It has been most carefully calculated that if only one golfer in every twenty persons who play the game went away for a golfing holiday this recent Eastertide—and it is quite certain that the proportion was much higher than that—then 15,000 people went off on these expeditions. It is inconceivable that their expenses would average less than £3 each—in many cases they would surely be £10 or more—but at the lowest figure we have £45,000 being spent on the game for mere holiday-making purposes. Now, including all the players who stayed at home, we may say that certainly one golfer in every four was active at Easter; and, if they averaged a new ball each, they would in the bulk spend £7500 on these commodities. I am aware that this is a form of statistics that has been overdone; but they are, in a manner, essential to my point, particularly a final reckoning which I must state, being that at Easter time a total of 40,500,000 shots are made by the golfers of Britain in the pursuit of their game, or ought to be made if the circumstances are at all normal.

### Great Schemes.

Now, what have the players got for all that expenditure of money and energy—those many thousands of pounds and those millions of shots? I grieve to say that in a large measure they have come by a severe disappointment, and are considerably less happy and hopeful about things in general than they were on the day before Good Friday. The game has been up to its tricks with them again. It comes about in this way. During the winter-time golfers think more than they do at any other, probably because they play much less; and Easter is the time of the great revival in their game, when they put into commission all the new ideas that they have worked out, and which they confidently believe will effect the most wonderful improvement in their game. They think they know exactly what alterations—in stance, grip, swing, and everything else—they should make in order to play that high quality of game which they feel themselves to be capable of playing if only they can get things right. It often happens, also, that a somewhat remarkable—sensational, you might say—deviation from standard methods in some particular is included in the new season's schemes. Thus I met many men before Easter who had had their clubs made shorter—a most dangerous experiment, and one to be engaged upon only very slowly and hesitatingly—one club at a time, and half an inch at a time. *Punch's* famous advice is very good for those who are thinking of having their shafts cut. Then I encountered a few men

who had been giving thought to an idea that is floating down many channels in the golf world at the present time, to the effect that the gospel usually taught—that the right leg should be straight and almost stiff during the swing—is wrong; and that, in the case of the more moderate players particularly, better and more reliable results can be obtained when there is a very perceptible bend at the knee, and the player, as they say, "sits down" to his shot. Other Easter holiday-makers have gone forth with ideas about pitching and putting, and so on.

### Why They Failed.

Then they found, when they got away, that the new ideas did not work. After one most disappointing day, perhaps two, they tried to go back to the old ways of last year, and found that they had somehow got mixed up with the new schemes, and they did not work either. At the finish of the expedition, the man who was in this case would have had difficulty in telling what he had been trying to do. All that he could say for certain is that, whatever it was, it had not come off. So he went back home dejected and feeling that he never could be anything but a miserable kind of golfer. However, he will soon get over this feeling, which is very common in the game, and only leads to greater enthusiasms later on. The great question of the moment is, What have the men been "doing wrong," as the phrase is? For one thing, it is a great mistake to plant too many new ideas



MR. BALFOUR DRIVES FROM THE FIRST TEE.



MR. BALFOUR DISCUSSES GOLF BEFORE BEGINNING A GAME.



MR. BALFOUR DRIVES FROM THE FOURTH TEE.



MR. BALFOUR ABOARD THE FERRY-BOAT WHICH CROSSES THE RIVER SEPARATING THE HOLES OF THE CANNES GOLF LINKS.

"CANNED" POLITICIAN: MR. BALFOUR ON THE CANNES GOLF LINKS.

With regard to our first photograph, it may be said that Mr. Balfour made a fine iron shot hole, and got down in three. He was playing in a three-ball match with Mr. Ward and Captain Somerset Saunderson. Mr. Ward is shown on Mr. Balfour's left in the ferry-boat picture; Captain Saunderson on his right. In the first photograph, the Cannes Aerodrome may be seen in the background.

Photographs by T. H. Ward.

into one's golfing system at the same time, especially at the beginning of the season. Next, it is a greater mistake to abandon, after only a day or two, a scheme which has been well thought out beforehand, and presumably has some merit. Third, a golfing holiday is not the time for experiments. They generally fail at the beginning, and that spoils the man's play, and to some extent his holiday. There is nothing left for him to do but to fall back upon his appreciation of the fresh air and the change of scene. The time for experimentation is when the man is alone and on his home course, and he should go out day after day with only a club or two and many balls, and worry with those ideas of his until he knows the truth about them. That is what he will do now that he has come back. Some people say that you should not experiment; but it is only the men of ideas who get on in the game, and those who "do not bother" about their play, but just take the game as it comes along to them, miss a good half of the pleasure of golf.



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# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## M. Rostand's Little Joke.

Analysing one's impressions of "Chantecler" from this side of the Channel, there is no doubt that La Faisane—so charmingly played by Mme. Simone—is the most original of all the animal characters in M. Rostand's audacious play. The others have been drawn

before by La Fontaine and kindred satirists, but the Hen-Pheasant—with her aspirations after masculine freedom and her assumption of masculine feathers—is a creature of the Twentieth Century, and of no other. M. Rostand's little joke is to put on the stage a fowl who shall synthesize the masses of cultured, wayward, alluring, and slightly neurotic modern women. He makes her a foreigner, a wanderer, an exotic type who has even borrowed the fine feathers of the male bird in her desire to be remarkable. She is, indeed, no humble, rotund, clumsy, speckled brown bird such as we associate with the female pheasant, but a proud, saucy, curt jade in brilliant red breast-feathers and yellow plumes to her tail. In short, she is one of Nature's freaks, an epicene creature, who treats the barnyard cock as a somewhat ridiculous person when she first makes his acquaintance, and, indeed, only succumbs to his blandishments when he imposes on her imagination with his bluff about making the sun rise. And Chantecler

of our more modest homes would greatly gain if one large room took the place of a multitude of pigeon-holes.

## Remade at Easter.

If we were wise, men and women alike, we should stick to our old clothes at Easter. For the mere putting on of sleek new cloth and fine feathers does not make our faces "as good as new" in the spring. On the contrary, these festal garments are apt to accentuate the fatigued appearance of a person who has been through an English winter, added to a General Election. It is a bold man who puts on a new top-hat on Easter Sunday, without rejuvenating himself beforehand by a fortnight's golfing or a short sea-trip. Women are incorrigible optimists in this matter, and will crown themselves with roses and drape themselves in gritty "pastel" shades when sombre black and a thick veil would better suit complexions which are always out of repair when the great vernal church festival comes round. The shops are full of piercing yellow flowers, cerise-coloured hats, and raiment resembling Joseph's historic coat; and crowds of women of all ages and sizes buzz round them all day long, pondering which of these "glad rags" will suit them best. Yet if they only knew it, this festal array should be put by until after the Easter holiday is over. It is the hill-top, the seashore, the golf-links which remake the jaded Londoner at Easter, and not a bonnet begarlanded with rosebuds, nor the newest, glossiest suit.

## Our Family-Party System.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc gives an amusing and by no means exaggerated account of the true inwardness of our Parliamentary system in the *English Review*. It consists of a family party dividing itself into two teams, alternately occupying the Treasury and Opposition benches, and thumping despatch-boxes while they vilify each other in the House, and then proceeding to take in each others' wives to dinner. There is a characteristic anecdote of Mr. Gladstone meeting Lady Randolph Churchill at a dinner-party the night after the famous maker of the Fourth Party had made one of his most damaging and vituperative onslaughts on the G.O.M. "I hope," said Mr. Gladstone, with genuine concern, "that Lord Randolph does not feel fatigued after his splendid effort?" The fact is that up to now our politicians have all been so mixed up by marriage connections that, like the royal families of Europe, they cannot regard each other with prejudice and aversion except on purely public occasions. And in a plutocratic oligarchy like our own one sees no reason why the family-party system should ever come to an end.



[Copyright.]

AN EMBROIDERED NET BRIDGE COAT IN BLACK, WITH A WAISTCOAT OF SALMON-PINK CHIFFON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

tecler treats her in altogether different fashion to the fussy, timid hens of the barnyard. His talk with her is airy, chaffing, tense, and finally deeply emotional; but he never orders her about as he does the *poules* and the *poussins*. The end of the drama is inartistic, for one cannot picture the gorgeous, neurotic, disillusioned pheasant settling down to a harem life with a Chantecler whom she has found out. She should fly back to the free, adventurous life in the forest which she has so often extolled, and let the cock return to the narrow barnyard and his humdrum loves.

## A Revolution in the Home.

In Mr. Granville Barker's plays of middle-class life, "The Voyage Inheritance" and "The Madras House," all the characters use the dining-room by preference as a place to sit or work in. Now this, according to Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow's new book, "Our Homes," is an instinct which descends to us from primitive man. The artisan class dwell—more or less amicably—in the kitchen, reserving the "best parlour" in mouldy splendour for some social ritual which is rarely indulged in. The kitchen or dining-room habit is, in short, a "survival of the ancient, common life in a single room, or hall." Mr. Sparrow thinks that the "instinct of the hall" is so marked that our domestic architecture should take account of it—that we should sacrifice the small rooms in small houses in order to have one large and lofty apartment. We put up too many walls, it appears, "with the result that most of them are ill-built and as communicative as telephones." It is certain that the charm of one large room is felt in all classes, for in country-houses the hall is always the favourite gathering-place of the family and guests, principally, I fancy, because any kind of costume is suitable to it, so that muddy boots and check tweeds can sit down to tea or bridge with the most complicated tea-gown ever turned out of Dover Street. Certainly the proportions



[Copyright.]

A SMART AND SENSIBLE COSTUME FOR EASTER: A COAT AND SKIRT OF CURRANT-RED HOPSACK.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**Potted Penitence.** Into last week was condensed the whole spirit of observing the Lenten season. In accordance with the century, things are done like this. The modern man and woman cannot linger over anything. Five of the six weeks of the penitential season were not observed, save for a few week-day church services attended. There were dances and dinners, and plays, operas, and races, bright-coloured dresses, and general junketings. Last week was devoted to services, dark clothes were worn, and fish diet was indulged in. Several ladies have, of course, been in retreat for some time. These are the extremists, who condense their pious observance into about three weeks out of the fifty-two. The fashionable churches were filled with people in sad-coloured clothes, and there was an absolute lack of social engagements. While the condensing tendency with regard to observance is thus marked, it is equally plain that there is a great increase in practical religion and true kindness among the so-called people of fashion, who are not half so black as they enjoy being painted.

**Easter In-** New clothes discretions. at Eastertide is an unwritten law which womankind enjoys fulfilling. Colds are frequently the consequences, especially when Easter comes as early as it does this year. Again, the present fashion, with its tight skirts and close sleeves, allows of no wrapping up underneath, when new coats and skirts are recklessly put on, regardless that they are far thinner than those that have seen us through the winter. Tussore, shantung, the lighter makes of tweed, and shot moirés have been substituted this week for the thick tweeds, the substantial serges and cloths that we have been wearing, added to which, the craze for attenuation has dictated the lightening of under-bodices and the discarding of under-skirts. Wise women have confined their Eastertide newness to their hats, shoes, and gloves, and are regarding coughing and nose-blowing friends and acquaintances with very superior smiles and an irritating "I-told-you-so" sort of sympathy.

**A Discreet Change.** A very smart coat and skirt is that illustrated on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of currant-red hopsack, and is quite a sensible Eastertide costume, for the coat is long and protective. The short cut-away coats will be all right for later, and are, of course, the newest things. The one illustrated has a collar of satin, and is finished with large buttons and loops all in the soft currant-red. On the same page is an illustration of an embroidered net bridge-coat in black, with cut and cabochon jet. The waistcoat is of palest salmon-pink chiffon, wrought with beads the same colour and finished with large, flat, jewelled buttons.

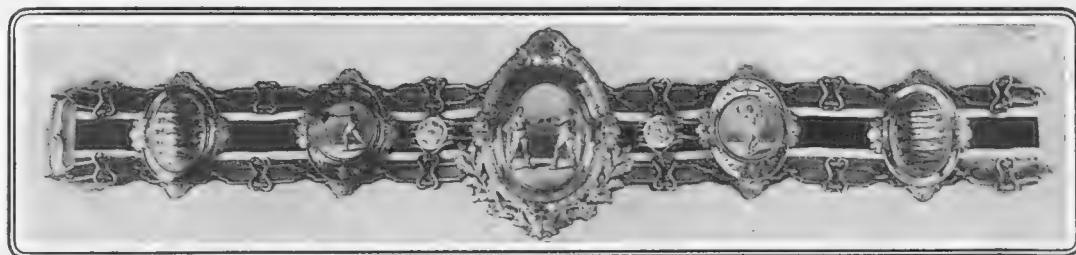
**The Spring Cleaner.** Sunshine compels to cleaning: what passes in the dull winter cries shame aloud in the bright spring. So all good housewives are at work getting the home to match the weather. Needless to say that Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia Fluid is one of their best friends—a universal cleanser, turning up trumps for renovating all household and personal things. When weary with the work well done, it again comes to the front, for a little in a hot bath renovates the nerves and is wonderfully exhilarating and refreshing. Scrubb's is undoubtedly the friend of all!

**Art Like Nature.** The mean little tricks that Nature sometimes plays, such as giving us too little hair, or letting us lose it while we are young and vain, or middle-aged and self-respecting (old we never become), are set at nought by art. When additional hair is supplied by such artists in the matter as the Universal Hair Company, 80-84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, S.E., there is absolutely no saying whether it is grown on the premises or not. A further advantage of having our locks from this Company is that their prices are so moderate. Their styles are of the most recent. Their place is a private house, where the manageress can

be consulted any day between ten and four, except on Saturdays. There is also a profusely illustrated catalogue just issued, which will prove a guide to anyone who wants to improve their coiffure, or to bring it up to date, or to supply deficiencies owing to illness.

**Sweet Simplicity.** The keynote of the fashions for the coming summer is simplicity: the term "simple little frock" is one we shall often hear. What is most remarkable is that these little gowns really are cheaper. Even the most elastic-conscienced modiste cannot ask thirty pounds for a dress on which there is hardly a vestige of trimming. She will make it for eight, and the client will be delighted until she is wily made to understand that there must be an ethereal and much-embroidered coat to go with the dress. It will be pointed out, on a similar system of economy to that of making one bit of bread do for cheese and butter, that the coat will go charmingly with two simple little frocks and make such a nice change. It does, but—there isn't any nice change out of forty guineas when the transaction is complete.

**The Lady's Head.** The newest hats are not simple; they will be in piquant contrast to the dresses. Toques made completely of flowers will mark the early spring. These will seldom be of roses or lilac, or any of those blossoms usually associated with millinery, but of flowers of subtle hue, such as anemones, carnations, pansies in the new colour in which they are now grown, and gardenias. Hats following the lines of helmets in straw and ribbon and flowers have a certain cachet, and are most becoming, for they only suggest the helmet, and are worn



A GOLD BELT GIVEN BY A BELTED EARL: THE TROPHY FOR THE FEATHERWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND, PRESENTED BY THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

The Featherweight Boxing Championship of England, for which the Earl of Lonsdale presented as a trophy the handsome gold belt shown in our photograph, was competed for at the National Sporting Club, and was won by Jem Driscoll. The belt was made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158, Oxford Street, W.; 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and 220, Regent Street, W.

differently. Then the little lady can supplement her inches with a high crown, for these are included in the plans of fashion, and the high crowns have little or no brims, so that the wearers, when small and dainty, are not made to look top-heavy. Hats are of all sizes and all shapes. It can also be said that they are all stylish and almost all pretty.

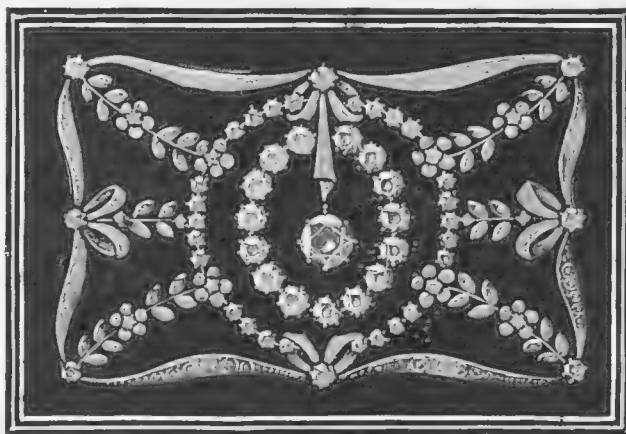
In the spring a young woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of millinery. Before choosing her new hat she will do well to consult the charming catalogue of spring fashions in millinery issued by Messrs. Scott's, Ltd., of 1, Old Bond Street. It contains pictures of twenty-two new hats—being a selection from their latest designs—together with a list of prices, which range from 18s. to 58s. 6d. Messrs. Scott's are prepared to send a selection of hats on approval, or an assistant will wait on ladies in town if a visit to the show-rooms is found to be inconvenient.

Nowadays we do not have to travel, as the nursery rhyme has it, "from Lincolnshire to Lancashire to buy a pocket-handkercher." The latest in this kind, for men of taste, are the Pyramid handkerchiefs, which may be had either with coloured borders or in plain white, at 4s. 3d. the half-dozen. They are by the same makers as the new Lissie handkerchiefs for women—namely, the Tootal Broadhurst Lee Co., Ltd., 132, Cheapside, to whom a postcard should be sent if there is found any difficulty in getting them.

Messrs. Humber, Ltd., are well prepared to meet the demands of cyclists (likely to be numerous) in the new cycling season now begun. Of their various models, which include that

aristocrat of cycles, the "Beeston" Humber, at £15 15s., down to the "Popular" Humber, at £6, they have prepared a stock of 3000 machines ready for prompt delivery in all parts of the United Kingdom. Messrs. Humber, Ltd., Coventry, will be glad to send their latest catalogue to any of our readers free on application to them.

Our golfing readers will be interested to know that two plaster-casts have been made of Harry Vardon's hands holding the shaft of a golf-club, and illustrating the famous "Vardon grip." The chief peculiarity of the Vardon grip consists in the fact that the little finger of the right hand is placed over the first finger of the left—a position which is known as the overlapping grip. The position of the thumbs is also noticeable. The right-hand thumb rests across the shaft, lightly, while the left-hand thumb extends along the shaft, and is underneath the ball of the right thumb. These interesting casts, which were taken from life, were made by Messrs. C. Smith and Sons, sculptors, of 15, Kentish Town Road, N.W.



A BEAUTIFUL PLAQUE FOR A VELVET NECK-BAND, AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY, 143, REGENT STREET, W.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 13.*

HITHER AND THITHER.

"NOT one word—about rubber—all this Easter," said The Golfer, giving his ball a series of taps. "I'm sick of rubber."

"They'll all be better after the holidays," commented his opponent.

"Of course they will," was the eager response. "Once let us get this account out of the way—"

"Chersonese, they tell me still. And I've a kind of fancy for Val d'Or and Bukit Selangors."

The Golfer felt himself all over. "Nuisance!" he exclaimed. "I've left my rubber manual in the club house. Oh, but I say, look here. Didn't we say that we wouldn't speak one word about rubber—?"

"I asked my boss to let me have twenty-five shares"—the office-boy confided the information and half a ham-sandwich to a friend in the Royal Exchange at the luncheon-hour. "The Company was what they call over-subscribed, but I got eight and a third, and I sold 'em to-day at three bob premium. That's the way to make money, my boy!" And his chest swelled with conscious pride as his comrade eyed him enviously.

"Midland Deferred," said the smart sub-editor of a financial weekly, "Midland Deferred may rise six or seven points on merits before the end of the year."

"For what reason?" we demanded.

"The knowing people tell us that the dividend in the summer-time will certainly be raised, unless the Company is peculiarly unfortunate over its expenses."

"It's rather surprising that the stock hasn't risen more," we ruminated, "considering its low price and popular character."

"Neglect, my dear Sir, sheer neglect. But it will be rectified before long. Is there anything of interest in the markets to-day?"

"What can I give for a tip?" repeated the dealer, leaning back on the bench in the East Rand Market, and looking quizzically at his questioner. "Well, I believe they will give these Modder Leases a good run when the market is got into proper order."

"But the price has fallen lately."

"So much the better for the buyers. At about 1½ I think the shares are a capital gamble. Gamble, mind you," he called out, as he dived into the Modder Market, and bid for two hundred shares, in the hope of being able to sell fifty.

"Fancy old-fashioned investors deigning to look at such things!" And the broker dropped another lump of sugar into his tea.

"I had a lady client the other day wanting a good rate of interest on her money, and I spread most of the capital over American Railroad Preferred shares."

"Some of them are perfectly safe."

"Now, you take Union Pref., Atchison Pref., and Southern Pacific Pref. They're sound as bells, and pay well. So are Steel Pref."

"I should add Denver Pref. and Southern Pref. as more speculative, but quite decent. Moreover, there's a big rise coming in Southern Pref. They'd pay well to take up and put away. If I had any spare cash—"

"I'd buy Java Rubbers rather than Straits Settlements or Brazil," announced the speculator.

"There's more spring in them, you think?"

"And more scope, too. The other business is getting terribly overdone."

"But Java shares will move with the rest of the market, surely?"

"Oh, don't worry me, there's a good chap," and he went on writing out telegrams to his various "bookies" at a pace which forbade further cross-examination.

## RHODESIANS AND THEIR BOOM.

There is a common consensus of Stock Exchange opinion that the boom in Rhodesians will be actively resumed directly after the holidays. Incidentally, it does not follow that general opinion is infallibly sure to be correct, but no doubt a valiant effort will be made to give the market a show of strength by way of starting it on the new account, the mid-April Settlement, dealings for which begin officially on the first day after the Easter recess. We must again beg leave to doubt very much whether a boom in Rhodesians can be sustained for any length of time. There are urgent tips afloat to buy Tanganyikas, Bankets, Surprise, Chartered, Mashonaland Agency, and North Charterland Exploration—to name a few that have been given us within the past three or four days. In the case of Surprise, there is abundant scope for sharp

movements either way, because the developments at the mine may turn out sensationally good or bad. Upon the fluctuations in Surprise no doubt the rest of the market will to some extent depend. We hesitate, therefore, to say that Rhodesians will not advance further. They certainly may. But we do say that prices are too high now from the dividend point of view, and that an ultimate fall is inevitable.

## "THE MINING YEAR-BOOK."

We have received the new edition of this book from the *Financial Times* Office, and, after a somewhat critical examination, we can honestly say the editor, Mr. A. N. Jackman, has done his work well. Everything is arranged in alphabetical order, so that there is no need for an index; while the accounts, dividends, and outputs are so conveniently placed that comparison is easy. Not the least interesting feature of the book is Mr. J. W. Broomhead's account of the mining discoveries and developments of the past year, which is both well written and interesting. The usual directories of mining directors, engineers, and secretaries are added; while the statistical information includes the complete figures for 1909; and every purchaser will be entitled to receive monthly for a year a Supplement, giving the returns of all the chief producing Companies, upon the same lines as the tables in the book itself. We can cordially recommend the "Mining Year-Book" of 1910 to those of our readers who want a handy reference-book at a price (15s. net) within the reach of the most moderate speculator.

Our correspondent "Q" has not sent us a note this week, but writes under date March 22—"I see that *Java Amalgamated* shares, to which I drew your readers' attention some weeks ago as a cheap purchase, have begun to move. As compared with many others, these shares are almost absurdly undervalued. The Company, with an issued capital of £109,250 (17,000 shares fully paid, and 123,000 on which 15s. has been paid) has 3000 acres planted with rubber ranging up to four years old. At 50s. a share this Company's estate will be valued at well under £100 an acre. The property of the Anglo-Malay Company, with 3364 acres planted, is valued at the present market price of the shares, 33s., at £750 an acre. Admitting that there should be a difference, the amount of the difference is obviously ridiculous."

Thursday, March 24, 1910.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

COM.—The commission works out at 3d. a share, which is reasonable for shares of that value.

VOICE.—Things have got to such a pass in the Rubber Market that we would rather not advise, especially as prices alter so rapidly that what we advise now may be too high when this answer reaches you. The two Companies you are interested in are as promising as any, and perhaps Sumatra Para at 13s. 6d. and Chersonese at 6s. as good as anything in the cheap division.

BRUNO.—We have no special information, and the mine is a market tip. The people connected with the concern we distrust very much.

C. K. P.—The shares are all good investments and may be held. No. 4 is really being liquidated by realisation of assets as occasion offers, and the market price seems to represent the value, or thereabout. The Canadian Northern is all right; but you might find more remunerative investments, with no more risk, we think.

KORAH.—(1) These seem a fair security, and may improve. (2) At the present price you can't lose much; but the Company's position is certainly disastrous. (3) Looks like an improving security. (4) Not an investment we care about. (5) Very doubtful, considering the chances of adverse litigation; but you get nearly 9 per cent. for your money, and if the Government went out the price would improve. (6) A fair Company; but if the Rubber boom slackened off there might possibly be no market for the shares. Better take your premium.

HERON.—We do not think the time has come to buy Gwalior Consolidated. The other Companies are pure gambles, as we have no special information.

J. H.—Your letter was answered on the 23rd inst.

THE CINDERELLA DEEP DEAL.—In the condensed notice we gave in our issue of March 16 of the Cinderella Deep Deal, we naturally had to omit some of the details, and we are asked to state that the capital has been increased from £500,000 to £1,159,450, with power to increase by the issue of a further 340,555 shares; also that among the properties taken over one has £130,000 in cash, so that the balance of cash payable as purchase price is only £92,350. The claims (seventy-seven) have not yet (we are informed) been acquired from the Mining Leases Board, and the available working capital is £881,050, of which £200,000 is being used to extinguish existing indebtedness—not, as stated by us, £681,050. We can see little material difference.

## RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Catterick Bridge, I think Luny will win the New Stand Handicap, Coolock the Hornby Castle Handicap, and Salford the Brough Hall Welter. At Croxton Park, Melayr may win the Granby Handicap, Stolen Kiss should capture the Billesden Plate, and Picnic the Croxton Stakes. At Alexandra Park, Penumbra ought to win the Middlesex Plate, Eaton may capture the Corporation Plate, Colline the Maiden Three-Year-Old Plate, Sanhedrin the Spring Maiden Plate, Koh-i-Noor the April Auction Stakes, and Colonial the Alexandra Handicap.

## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Where Continentals  
are Made.

The pneumatic tyres known as "Continental" in this country because they are the responsible production of the Continental Tyre and Caoutchouc Company, of Hanover (where our kings, of the Georgian line, have come from), are held in such favour with motorists in this country that a few items of information with regard to the firm and its works may not be uninteresting. The original company was formed as far back as 1872, and commenced operations with but eighty hands and little or no machinery. Steady increase has been the order of the day ever since that time, until now the works extend over no less than 17½ acres. This is in addition to an establishment at Seelze, where hard rubber or vulcanised articles are turned out. The equipment of the Hanover Works is complete and up to date in every detail, the shops including a smithy, an engineers', and a carpenters' shop. There are also three fire-stations, at each of which a sufficient number of trained firemen are always on duty.

"An Intolerable  
Deal of—Water."

The quantity of water required for the various operations and processes concerned in the production of tyres and other rubber goods is so vast that in three elevated tanks no less than a total of 63,800 gallons are stored, and give a pressure due to a head of 100 feet, or 50 lb. to the square inch. It is no less remarkable than true that

over 272,000,000 gallons of water were used during the course of 1909. Power (for clearly much power must be required at such an establishment) is obtained from two large tandem-compound horizontal engines of 1000-h.p. each, and four smaller ones of 250-h.p. each. Steam is made for these huge units in a battery of thirty tubular boilers, six of which, lately erected, are mechanically stoked. Last year coal to the extent of 42,000 tons was consumed.

Light for a Small Town.

The heavy rolling-mills are driven from the engine-house by rope-driven shafting enclosed in troughs placed below the level of the floor. The

lighter machinery in more distant parts depends upon the electric transmission of power for its propulsion. This machinery is grouped in classes, each class deriving its motion from a separate motor. Altogether, over 650 machines of various kinds are kept busy on the diverse processes of washing, mixing, and masticating through which raw rubber must pass before being converted into tyres, etc. The electric-lighting installation would rejoice a small town of

30,000 to 40,000 inhabitants, there being no fewer than 1700 incandescents of 16-candle power, and 280 large arc-lamps in addition. Gas is also provided as an auxiliary system, the annual consumption being 34,000 cubic feet. Seventy-five vulcanisers are used, the largest measuring 115 feet in length and 8 feet in diameter. The staff now numbers 6000 hands. A large fleet of motor-cars is kept for severely testing all new designs of tyres, and this commendable practice undoubtedly lies at the root of Continental durability.



A GREAT HANOVER ENTERPRISE THAT HAS A COLONY IN THE CLERKENWELL ROAD:  
THE PARENT WORKS OF THE CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY.

The works at Hanover of the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, seen in the above photograph, cover an area of over 17½ acres. The undertaking was founded in 1872 with some eighty hands and a small plant of machinery. At the Hanover works a vast amount of soft rubber goods, as tyres, water-hose, packing rings, etc., is manufactured. Hard rubber or vulcanite goods are made at the Company's other establishment at Seelze. The London branch is known as the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain), Ltd., and is situated in Clerkenwell Road, E.C.



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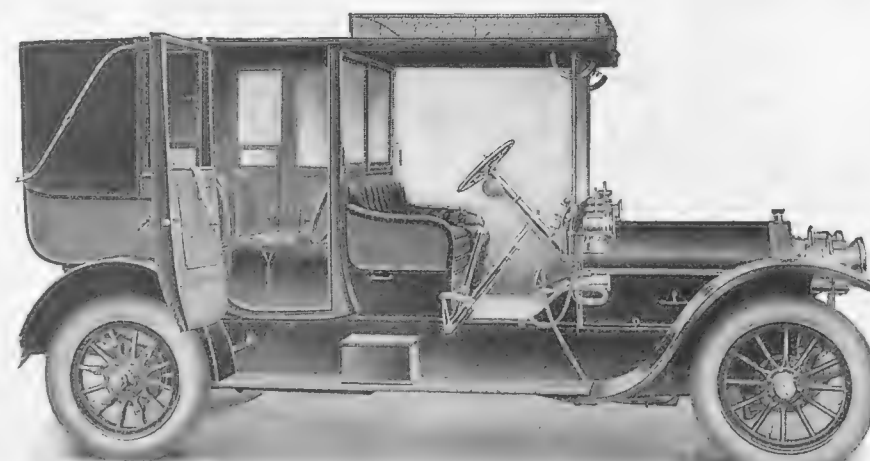
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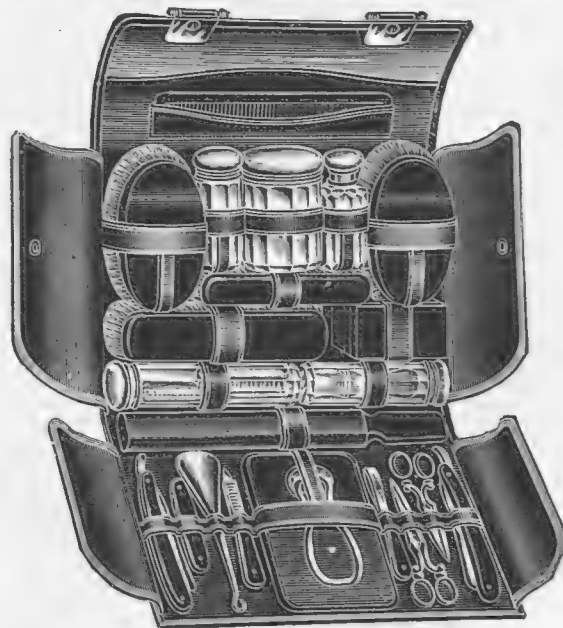
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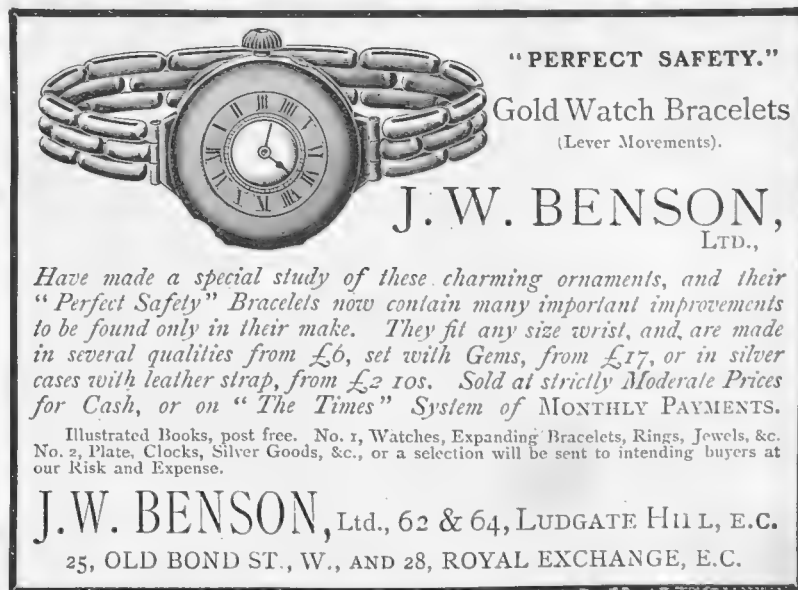
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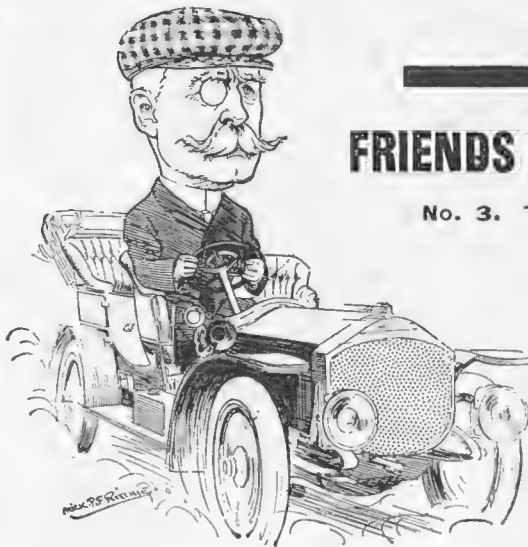
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*'Some hae  
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is no new thing, no fad fabric. The trade marked name TEVIA, and the device stamped on the back of every length, simply guarantee to the wearer an unadulterated, all-wool cloth, with the distinctive wearing qualities of the old style Scotch Tweed.

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Tone is to a musical instrument what colour is to a picture. The difference between an ordinary piano and a Brinsmead is the difference between an engraving and an original masterpiece. The former may be accurate in every detail, but it lacks the life and brilliance which colour can alone impart.

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## YOUR BUST METAMORPHOSED in ten days

Thanks to the Marvellous Discovery of a Woman.

*Free information sent to all readers of "The Sketch."*

Our century, so fertile in discoveries, after having realised the conquest of the air, now writes in its Golden Book a new victory, which will revolutionise the women's world. Indeed, I can now say to everyone, quite emphatically, that there need not be any woman disgraced by an unkind Nature, any more thin, spare busts, scraggy necks or deep hollows. I have succeeded where so many have tried in vain, and my discovery, which is truly wonderful, will give, within a few days, a round, full, magnificently-developed bust, a plump, well-shaped neck and throat, and also most beautiful shoulders. If you are among those whom Nature has not treated very liberally with your bust, if it is not well developed, or has lost the firmness of youth do not give up all hope, since you can have, like myself, a splendid form, and this by simply doing, in the privacy of your own home, that which I will tell you with the greatest discretion, as is usual between ladies. My process, which thousands of thankful ladies call wonderful and astounding, has nothing in common with any other method used, up to the present time, to improve and embellish woman's figure; also, my process is for external application only. Day by day you will see your bust develop, growing

larger and firmer as if by magic, and soon you will be agreeably surprised at the marvellous transformation of yourself, the natural and admirable metamorphosis of your bust which everybody will not fail to remark. I am a most striking example of the doctrine I preach. I was lacking in form and shape, but after having tried on myself my most valuable discovery I obtained

the marvellous result which you see. I advised some of my friends to try it, and each time the result was identical, the same wonderful effect being infallibly obtained. I am now very happy to be able to give to all those of my sex who are in need of a beautiful bust the benefit of my discovery. By means of a special arrangement, I will send free to every reader of "The Sketch" who returns to me the coupon below, the full history of my discovery and the means of making your bust full and

firm. I shall answer you by a personal letter, using the greatest discretion; so write me without delay as the demands are coming from all parts in such large numbers since the news of my marvellous discovery has created, as you can readily understand, an immense sensation amongst women.



### Free Coupon for the Readers of "The Sketch."

In order to receive free all information relative to my wonderful discovery to develop and embellish the bust, please tear off this coupon and send it (either in a 2½d. stamped envelope, or a 1d. postcard) to **Hélène Duroy, Division No. 500, 20, Rue Richer, Paris.**

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FOR THE  
SKIN

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GENUINE  
SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

Purple  
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**LOTUS Empire Shoes** New and Exclusive  
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To ask for Kupferberg's Sparkling Berncastler is not merely to evidence a critical taste but to ensure a degree of satisfaction such as only this Queen of Moselles can afford.

It is made solely from Grapes grown in the celebrated vineyards of Berncastel, the Kupferberg brand and label distinguishing every genuine bottle.

**KUPFERBERG'S**  
SPARKLING  
**BERNCASTLER**

(As supplied to the House of Lords)

A valuable digestive—recommended by Doctors. Price 60/- per dozen bottles and 64/- per two dozen half-bottles. Of all Wine Merchants and Stores.

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SPARKLING, EXHILARATING & TONIC.

"MAGI" is bottled ONLY at the  
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EVERYTHING  
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This is a book you cannot  
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The largest, most compre-  
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*Bibendum's Tyre Lectures,  
No. 3.*

## Therefore, gentlemen, the ideal arrangement

is three Non-Skids and one Square Tread fitted as has already been indicated; that is to say—

A Non-Skid on the left front wheel, a Square Tread on the right front wheel, and a pair of Non-Skids on the back wheels.

With this combination you can take the greasiest roads with the assurance that your car will suffer none of those heavy strains which so often result from side-slip.

Our steel-studded, leather-protected Non-Skids are distinctive, not only for their durability and efficiency, but also for their resiliency. They are just as resilient as ordinary tyres, and, by virtue of their construction, are hardly more liable to overheating.

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TOURING RUN:

Stockholm to Goeteborg (Sweden), February 20-23, 1910. The Cup of the Imperial Automobile Club, with testimonial for thorough reliability, was won by a 10-18-h.p. Opel Touring Car

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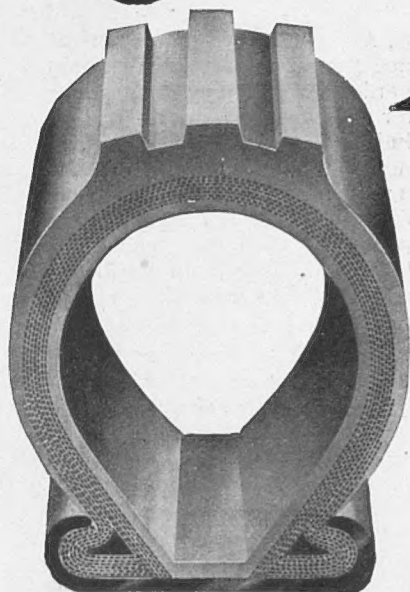
According to a statement made by the winner of this long-distance run, the Peter Union Tyres fitted to his car were subjected to most severe tests on ice-bound and snowed-up roads. They proved themselves, however, to be

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Peter Union Three-Ribbed Tyre.  
Popular in all countries.

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The BEST TONIC  
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MENTAL & PHYSICAL  
BREAKDOWN.

Recommended by 8,500 physi-  
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IS THE ONLY GENUINE CARLSBAD

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INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD, LONDON, LIVERPOOL & BRISTOL.

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THE consistent performances of ARGYLL Cars are  
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## Vallora Cigarettes

Blended with Old Noted Dubecs.  
The Gnostics' 'long-sought' ideals

From 6/6 to 9/6 per 100.

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## "EASY" HAIR CURLER

WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



ARE EFFECTIVE,  
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12 CURLERS IN BOX.  
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The Crown  
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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

## FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.  
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.  
Delicious to the Taste.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the  
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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only.

Put up in Glass Jars, price 1s.

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For GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM etc. Drink

## VICHY-CELESTINS

Can be used with light Wines, Spirits, or Milk.

Sole Agents: INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD., LONDON; and of all Chemists, Grocers, etc.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"Morning Star."**H. RIDER HAGGARD.  
(Cassell.)

Fortunately, there has been no such restriction, and its happiest ground has been Africa—Africa old and new. His latest romance, "Morning Star," belongs to the past. Ancient Thebes and the great unmolested Nile, intrigues and pomps, a perfect knight, and Morning Star herself—these are the themes of Mr. Haggard's story. Morning Star is a girl Pharaoh, lovely as Cleopatra and brave as Joan of Arc; but her lover is exiled, and her kingdom is stolen by black magic. Magic for magic, the gods are with her, and they achieve that poetic justice which is their *métier*. The kind gods! They spend such energy, and, as mortals count, such lifetimes in relieving disasters that a little care would have quite averted. One longs to write upon their altars, or have displayed in some conspicuous spot about their temples, the homely motto, "A stitch in time saves nine," but then there would be no story! If it all happened too long ago and too far away for shades and subtlety, there is much satisfaction to be got of unadulterated villainy and virtue; and there are, in addition, the magic ships, lotus blossoming and sapphires, the witches and wizardry—all the colour of a long-buried civilisation that the British Museum can restore. The book bears, by the way, a graceful dedication to Dr. Wallis Budge.

**"Mrs. Skeffington."**BY COSMO HAMILTON.  
(Methuen.)

"I'm in the middle of a nice book," said Kathleen. "A love-story?" "All nice books are love-stories," she said. "End happily?" he asked. "All nice books end happily," she said.

This little dialogue from the closing pages of "Mrs. Skeffington" fairly describes Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's story. Begun to the mutterings of tragedy, broadening into farce, and resolving into a comedy of reconciliations and betrothal, it is a distinctly "nice" story. The miniature Mrs. Thynne, the Colonel's wife, painted as small as life, is delicately and definitely drawn. She flutters bird-like against the dingy barrack walls, but her cage glitters with uniforms and wit, it is musical with spurs and bugle-calls, and her pretty foolishness would seem to call for just such a background—in short, a military one. Major Skeffington, "in every way thoroughly English, did everything that his profession required of him, quietly, conscientiously, and with that sort of shamed enthusiasm typically insular." "What was not absolutely straight was not cricket, and was therefore not to be

done." Nevertheless, this typical soldier, partly to save his career, and partly to save his Colonel's wife from the detectives and divorce threatened by a jealous husband (for appearances are sadly compromising), creates a Mrs. Skeffington, and lies royally about her for twenty-four hours to his Colonel, and his General inspecting, and his whole regiment. The tangle and the cutting of it clear make delightful reading. And Mr. Hamilton has the true military touch. When he says "British officer," you know he would say also "square of shoulder, clean of limb," "the inheritor of instincts handed down from a long line of fine old sportsmen," "a soldier and therefore a gentleman," "ready to die by bullet or disease with a joke on his lips." Let the joke be poor as it may, this is a gallant figure, and compares favourably with a benighted Buddhist view of us in a book we read recently: "Your race—thick and blind," was the comment of an impassive priest to an Englishman as they sat together in the Indian jungle. The adjectives cannot in any case be applied to "Mrs. Skeffington." Clear and light and sparkling, there is no headache in it and no regret, save that it should be finished.

**"First Love."**BY MARIE VAN VORST.  
(Mills and Boon.)

American towns, American ways, and American expressions place "First Love" in what may at least be regarded as a bracing atmosphere. Should a lover meet his lady after long absence, and meet her married, "Bully!" he breathes in ecstasy. "Bully"—the remark finds an English reader cold to the fine moment. But once hardened to the "gosh" and "gollys" and "corkers," there are notes of deep sentiment in the story of what is really, by the way, a second love. Its path may seem more rough than necessary, and the miss at the last jump needlessly disappointing, but better going might have disclosed a certain thinness in the landscape of the adventure. It is a pity to fetch an expression so far as "the firelight drew its kerchief along her bare arm," and a curious slip occurs towards the middle of the story, to be sustained to the end: two brothers, Jack and Peter, suffer an interchange of names.

Rubber is attracting so much attention nowadays that anything relating to it is interesting. Reinforced rubber is something quite new. It is a material made under a patented process which possesses abnormal strength, and seems to bear any amount of frictional stress. Indeed, in the opinion of a leading shoe manufacturer, boot soles made of it last longer than two or three good ordinary leather soles, and yet the initial cost is less than the leather soles. Reinforced rubber, too, can be applied to a variety of uses. It has evidently come to stay, and there should be a big future for it.

## GOOD NEWS FOR ALL SKIN SUFFERERS

### Antexema cures every Skin Illness

THE discomfort, torture, disfigurement, and humiliation of every skin sufferer can be cured by Antexema. That's the first point to remember. The next is that Antexema is a doctor's remedy with a quarter of a century's history behind it, and a wonderful record of thousands of miraculous cures in every skin illness and in every part of the body. It is desirable that all skin sufferers should know about Antexema and the extraordinary cures it works in cases in which every other treatment and skin specialists have failed.

**Plain and Pointed Questions**

Are you suffering from eczema, either acute, chronic, scaly, dry, or moist? Have you psoriasis, or an obstinate sore that will not heal? Is one of your children suffering from nettlerash? Have you eczema of your leg or a breaking-out on your back or chest, or any other such annoying and worrying skin ailment? Have you pimples or blackheads upon your face, or is there a red, inflamed spot on your hand or arm? Are you a victim of any of the numerous varieties of skin illness? Whatever your skin trouble is, there's no need for your being miserable an hour longer. You can be put right at once. Use Antexema, which is an absolute cure for every form of skin ailment. Antexema never fails to give immediate relief, even if the sufferer is so irritated day and night as to be unable to sit, lie, or stand with comfort. But that is not all. Not only is relief gained, but the moment you begin to use Antexema the progress of your skin complaint stops at once, and you start on the road to a complete and permanent cure.

Antexema is the outcome of the progress of modern science, and is prescribed by many doctors for all skin troubles, itching, irritation, surface inflammation, or slow-healing sores. Antexema is the greatest certainty in the world for the treatment of itchings that won't cease, skin inflammations that won't disappear, and sores that won't heal under the ordinary remedies so often tried. When Antexema is gently applied it puts pain,

irritation, and discomfort to sleep, and brings "Therapeutic Rest" to troublesome skins.

Antexema is not a greasy ointment, and is not what is commonly known as a skin beautifier, though it actually does make the skin beautiful by rendering it healthy. Antexema does not cover up, plaster over, or conceal spots, redness, or roughness of the skin, but it removes pimples, redness, inflammation, and all skin blemishes. That is why



Antexema quickly removes pimples, rashes, and eruptions.

Antexema should always be used, and so-called skin beautifiers invariably rejected. As a toilet emollient Antexema is, from every point of view, superior to cold cream and other similar preparations which are destitute of all curative properties. It may be well to explain how Antexema cures your skin trouble. You apply Antexema gently to the affected part, which immediately feels cool and easy, and all irritation at once stops. The bad place absorbs the curative virtues of Antexema, and the healing qualities at once become active, so that you have taken the first step towards a cure by preventing your skin ailment getting worse. At the same time an invisible artificial skin is formed which effectually protects the sensitive and tender spot from dirt, dust, germs, and all that can hinder the healing process. That is the philosophy of Antexema, and that is why it succeeds where all else fails.

Every claim made for Antexema is proved and established by a great mass of evidence. It is twenty-five years since a well-known doctor in

London discovered the secret of Antexema, and from then till now it has been effecting extraordinary cures. Thousands of letters have been received from people telling the story of remarkable cures of skin complaints. Antexema cured these other sufferers, and is just as certain to cure you.

Mr. H., of Manchester (address on application), writes: "I found great relief from the first dressing with Antexema, so much so that the first night of using I had a good night's sleep, which I had not had for six weeks. Now there is hardly any rash on my hands and arms, though previously, from finger-tips to elbow, they were a mass of pimples and small, broken blisters, of which the irritation was maddening."

**Start with Antexema To-day**

If you neglect the signs of skin illness the trouble will get steadily worse and finally become chronic. All your misery, discomfort, disfigurement, and humiliation will in that case be the direct result of neglect of the first symptoms, whereas by the timely use of Antexema this could all have been avoided. There can be no possible reason for delaying treatment. The moment you apply Antexema you will feel the benefit, and in a short time every sign of skin illness will completely disappear.

In addition to Antexema, which is applied outwardly, Antexema Granules should be taken to purify the blood and so assist your cure, and it is always desirable to use Antexema Soap for the toilet, as coarse, common soaps hinder and may prevent a cure. For bath, toilet, nursery, and shampooing no soap equals Antexema Soap, which possesses the purity, health-giving, refreshing, invigorating, antiseptic virtues of the pines.

Every Chemist, Pharmacist, and Store, supplies Antexema in regular shilling bottles, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d., including Government stamp, from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Also obtainable everywhere in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, India, and in every British Dominion.

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25 YEARS  
**FRAZERS  
TABLETS**

have purified the  
blood of thousands.  
Pleasant to take.

They cure  
Rheumatism  
Constipation, Blood  
and Skin Diseases  
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Complaints. Of all  
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